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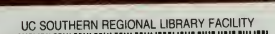

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THE

SEAMEN'S

AND

BOATMEN'S MANUAL.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY J. K. DAVIS,
CHAPLAIN, TROY, N. Y.

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ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,
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THE

SEAMEN'S AND BOATMEN'S MANUAL.

ADDRESS TO SAILORS AND BOATMEN.

"THIS is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Fellow-men! this is glad tidings of great joy. To be saved, *is* the greatest blessing that can be bestowed upon us. You may not be sensible of this. Many are asking "who will show us any good?" Who will show us the way to be rich, or great, or honorable, among men? Who will help us to live a life of ease, or pleasure, without the least fear of want on earth, or painful anticipations of woe and ruin in the world which is to come? Suppose I had the power to bestow upon each of you all these things, they would last but a little while. The longest life will soon come to a close; death will soon dispossess you of your possession, of your pleasures, of your friends, in a word of all your enjoyments; and will introduce you into a world where none of these things will follow you. Merely removing from this world to the eternal world, will not of itself alter the state of your hearts, or the inclinations of your souls. Do you desire worldly gain, or ease, or pleasure here? You would desire these things far more hereafter. Yet notwithstanding these strong and eternally increas-

ing desires, you could never enjoy them,—for they are not found there.

Suppose I should try to persuade you, and should succeed in persuading you, that it is your duty and privilege to live a merry life—to do just as your wicked hearts incline you to do: to take no serious thought about what will be your condition after death; to take no care about pleasing God; to please yourselves; to drink to excess if you think best; or to take God's holy name in vain; in one word, to follow the tide of your passions, and give your carnal desires their full measure of gratification. Suppose I should do all this? Would I be acting the part of a friend, when I knew from the Bible that although it might give you a momentary peace, it would be certain destruction in the end. Would you not lament your folly, and pour imprecations on me, for lulling you into a fatal security which would only make death the more dreadful when it came, and eternity the more insupportable?

Seamen! this is just the way false teachers are doing,—this is the way the Devil and his angels are doing; and you love to have it so. I do not say that you love misery, or that you expect to be miserable hereafter. But I do say that you love to take that course through life that is most pleasing to you, and most displeasing to God. You love to have others encourage you, and strengthen you, and confirm you in these wicked practices, and unscriptural notions. When a good man, a missionary, comes to you with a serious Tract, a Bible, or a Testament, and talks with you about the danger of losing your souls; when he tells you that you are a wicked man, and must surely die if you do not "break off your sins by repentance, and your iniquities by turning unto the Lord,"—and in your

hearing pray that God for Christ's sake, would pardon your sins, and thus prepare you for death, and judgment and eternity,—you either listen to him without feeling, or turn away your ear from hearing instruction; and in instances not a few, after his departure, laugh to scorn the messenger of the Lord.

Boatmen, is not this too true? Have you not *seen* it? Have you not *done* it? and even when you have listened attentively at the time, and have been somewhat impressed, have you not quickly dismissed the subject, and concluded to give yourselves no farther trouble about another world?

Fellow-men, be not deceived; "God is not mocked." The Scriptures say, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If you live a wicked life, and die as you have lived, your souls will be eternally lost. You may not believe this; or, if you believe it, you may be so unconcerned about your state after death, that it makes no impression upon you. In either case you are in danger of being lost. That you may not be lost; that you may be Christians here, and saved sinners hereafter; listen for a few moments to one who feels the deepest solicitude for your spiritual and eternal interests.

Let me again call your attention to the Scripture with which I commenced this address. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The person here spoken of, is no less a person than the Son of God. If it was said to you, that the President of these United States, or the Queen of Great Britain, had offered to be crucified, in order to save rebels from death, you would be all attention. It would be the subject of conversation

all the day long. On the vessels, and boats, and wherever you might be, you would be talking about this matter; and it would be very proper that you should.

Now let me remind you, that a greater than either of these persons, is mentioned in this Scripture. Here is God manifest in the flesh. A being possessed of a Divine nature, takes upon himself our nature, that he may suffer and die in the same nature that had sinned. He came from heaven to do this that we might be saved. "Herein is love: not that we loved God, but that he first loved us. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend: yet God manifested his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

Seamen! never forget this truth: that we are saved through the Lord Jesus Christ, and through Him alone. Many think, that with a little Divine assistance, they can save themselves. If a man who has been in the habit of swearing, breaks off from the habit, it is right and proper. If he has been in the habit of doing unnecessary work, or of misspending the holy Sabbath; or if he has been a gambler, a liar, a thief, or a drunkard, and wholly reforms in reference to all these vices, he is so far to be commended; for all these things are great transgressions before God and men. But I must tell you, that reformation in these things alone will not save you: for before you did any of these things you were sinners. You have always had a wicked heart: a carnal mind, "which is enmity against God." Your sinful natures must be changed, by the Holy Spirit,—you must be made new creatures in Christ Jesus, or you cannot be saved. Many mistake here and therefore fail of heaven. Poor

stupid sinners do not believe that they are as bad at heart, as the Bible declares them to be. They do not believe that while out of Christ they are every moment exposed to the wrath of God, and the pains of hell forever: and that dying as they now are, they will hear the Judge say to them from the "great white throne," "Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels." Therefore they are not concerned about themselves, and make no effort to escape "from the wrath to come." Not believing themselves lost sinners, they see no necessity for the Saviour's blood to cleanse them from sin, and prepare them for heaven.

Notwithstanding all this unbelief, fellow-men, "it is still a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom" the Apostle adds, "I am chief." This Apostle was never a liar, a gambler, or a swearer; and yet he said he was the chief of sinners. He had not always thought so. There was a time when he thought himself better than other men. There was a time when he was ignorant of his true character; when he had no correct knowledge of the law of God,—or of salvation by the blood of Christ. After the Holy Spirit enlightened his mind, then he saw *what* he was, and *where* he was going. He saw that he was a lost sinner, and that he had always been, notwithstanding his religious zeal, and fasting and prayers. He saw also, that he was in the broad road to death, and that while he thought himself on the way to heave was on the road to hell. It was this discovery made him consider it "a faithful saying, and thy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came the world to save sinners."

My friends, you must have the same views of your sinful state, your condemned and lost condition, before you will prize Christ as a Saviour. You must see that there is but a step between you and the "lake which burneth with fire and brimstone," before you will break off your "sins by repentance;" "and your iniquities by turning unto the Lord."

No man will take any serious thought for his soul, unless he finds himself in a sinful, perishing condition; and then if he has a clear discovery of Christ Jesus as a Saviour, how precious will he be to his soul. How precious he must have been to the apostles Paul, Peter, and John. To the daughters of Jerusalem, that bewailed and lamented him, as he was bearing the thorns and the cross to the place of his last mortal agony. How precious to the thousands on the day of Pentecost, who discovered for the first time that they were lost sinners, and that the "Prince of Life," whom they had crucified, was the only "Name under heaven, given among men, whereby they must be saved."

You perceive, Boatmen, that I address those of you "who are without God, having no hope in the world." I do not suppose you are worse than other men. I come to you, not to denounce you for your impenitence, unbelief, and hardness of heart; but as a sympathizing friend. One who feels himself to be the "chief of sinners;" although never guilty of intemperance, or profanity, or any of the open violations of human or divine laws. Yet possessing a depraved nature, and having sinned against the strivings of the Holy Spirit, the warnings of God's providences, and of his written word, I feel that I am of sinners the chief. But notwithstanding this, I hope and believe that I have obtained

mercy. O! could I describe to you the anguish of my soul when deeply convicted of my sins; when I saw that my whole nature was totally depraved, and that I must be "born again," or bid farewell to God and Christ and Heaven forever. Could I show you the deep distress of my spirit, on a clear discovery of the strictness, purity, and extent of the law of God, and the impossibility of being justified or saved, by any thing I ever had done, or could do; or that any merely created being could do for me: could I then clearly place before you, the way and manner of my deliverance from this state of wrath and condemnation: could you see as the Spirit of God enabled me to see, the glory of God as it shone in the face of Jesus Christ, when he bowed my stubborn will, and filled my soul with love, joy, and peace in believing; you would then no longer wonder, that to me it was a "faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

And now, Seamen, having had this clear discovery of the sinfulness of my nature, and the salvation of the Lord, through grace in Christ Jesus,—am I not entitled to your confidence, as I attempt to convince you of your lost and sinful condition, and the only possible way to be saved? As I once saw myself at ease, and in impenitence, floating on the current of time, to the ocean of eternity,—so now I see you, on the same perilous voyage, wending your way onward to the dismal regions of "death and hell!" You do not realize your condition; you feel yourselves secure; you think, if you think at all, that you are excusable for neglecting the great salvation; you say "that a vessel or a boat is no fit place for a man to obtain religion." Then why not enter upon some other employment? If you

are honest in what you say, will you peril your soul for the profits you derive from this occupation? What! sell your soul for gain, worldly gain? "What shall it profit a man," said the Saviour, "if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

But I cannot grant you all you ask on this point. Although a Sailor's or a Boatman's life is unfavorable to the cultivation of piety, still it is not impossible to repent, and believe, and live a praying and holy life in such circumstances. Some of the most godly men who have ever lived, have been Sailors and Boatmen. Wherever God in his providence calls men to labor, or reside, there he calls upon them as their first and most important duty, to attend to the concerns of their souls, and prepare to meet Him, in death, judgment, and eternity. I have often been grieved to hear men of your profession say, "We can't obtain religion here." Not unfrequently, when warning them in the most solemn manner of the danger of neglecting the great salvation; of the uncertainty of life, and of a sudden death to which their employment exposed them, have I heard them render this excuse, "We can't be religious in this place."

And yet you *can* and you *must die.* "There is no discharge in *that* war." Your life is short and hasty at the best, for watermen do not on an average live to exceed fifteen years. Your lives therefore are shorter than the lives of other classes of men. How many of your craft have been suddenly, and unexpectedly called to meet the retributions of eternity! How many have died, far away from kindred and home, with no one to tell them of Christ and his salvation! How many have suffered shipwreck! How many others, and some of

your own acquaintances, have been drowned on our rivers and canals? These have gone to an unknown world:

—"In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell."

Fellow-men! you must soon follow them. Prepared or unprepared, you must die. And can you under these circumstances, compose yourselves to rest, and quiet your consciences with the excuse that watermen are not expected to be religious? It must not, it cannot be. You must awake from this stupidity,—this carnal security, and call upon the Lord your God for mercy. A deep and solemn impression should rest upon your minds, that you *must* be *saved:* for if you are not saved, and saved quickly, through the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be eternally *lost.* You are now prisoners of hope; but if lost, you will be prisoners of despair, and that not for a hundred, or a few thousand years, but for ever and ever.

When you read this, think, what would those give, who have died in their sins, if their souls could be placed in your soul's stead: and do as you think they would do, if they were permitted to return again to this world, and have another opportunity of repentance; another offer of the Lord Jesus Christ.

This however can never be. Their day of grace is past; the Saviour will offer himself to them no more. Sabbaths, and churches, and bibles, and praying mothers, and missionaries, they will see and enjoy no more forever.

"In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard their bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call them to the skies."

They are lost! forever lost! And my dear dying fellow-men, if you will not take warning, and flee from "the wrath to come," you will soon be with them. You too will be lost! forever lost! Do not become mockers, "lest your bonds be made strong." Do not say this is all priestcraft. It is not priestcraft. It is the effort of one who would save you from eternal death. O yes, poor sinners, I believe and know, that there is wrath to come! I believe and know assuredly that the tide of God's wrath on the damned is an eternal *flood!* there will never be an ebbing, and believing thus can I hold my peace, and permit you quietly to sail along the current of time, into the gulf of endless wo? I see your danger; my soul is all alive to your destiny; I behold you insensible to your condition, and would fain awake you, to see the appalling dangers and fearful terrors which await. I would cast myself between you and that world of wo, into which you are about to plunge, and from whence there is no redemption. Will you not believe that I am a friend to your immortal interests? This is not fancy. It is plain, sober, solemn, and eternal truth. And the fear that some who hear, or read these lines, will dismiss the subject, and scorn the message of salvation, and die, and go down to that "place of torment," gives me heaviness and sorrow of heart.

When I think of the value of the soul; the price paid for its redemption; the short period to which its redemption is limited,—even the natural life of man; the ignorance, stupidity and madness of almost all to whom the "word of this salvation is sent," I weep and my soul is cast down "within me."

Fellow-men! you may consider this weakness

and effeminacy. But is there not a cause? Could you stand with me, and with the eye of faith view that heavenly world, where all is peace, and quietness, and assurance forever. Could you behold that "great multitude which no man can number, who are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; who are to hunger no more, nor thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." And then could you know as the Bible assures us, that if you die in your present condition, with the guilt of unrepented, and unforgiven sin resting upon your consciences, you can never be of their number,—you would not think it strange, that I should intreat and beseech you to be reconciled to God.

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe!"

Did not the Son of God weep over sinners? Dying men, listen to his language, and let his sighs and tears, at last melt your hard and flinty hearts. Luke, xix. 41,—"And when he came near, he beheld the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thy eyes."

If presumptuous, impenitent sinners could but see, and feel, that "their feet shall slide in due time; and that the day of their calamity is at hand," they too would weep. Could they drink with the drunken, and profane the name and the day of the

Lord, and live a merry life, if they were at all impressed with their sinful and condemned state,—and realized that they were each moment liable to the full execution of that awful sentence recorded in the book of God, "bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth?"

God assures the wicked that he delights not in their death; but rather that they turn to him and live. "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" God asks this question. The people of God also ask it. And if we could listen to the spirits of the pious dead, they, too, would be heard to say, Seamen, Boatmen, "Why will ye die?"

Fellow travellers to eternity, what more can be said to induce you to "prepare to meet your God." You have been told of a Saviour, and of his willingness and ability to save. Of the Holy Spirit, and of his power to convict and convert the soul. You have also been told of the joy of heaven, and of the wo of hell. You have been entreated once and again to make your peace with God. I am now about to leave you, and to leave the subject; not however, without a most deep and painful solicitude for the result of my message. The eternal destiny of your souls, may depend upon the decisions of this hour. Eternal joy, or eternal sorrow are before you. Will you hesitate, will you linger, will you delay?

"When not a moment's in your power,
And death stands ready at the door!
Eternity! how near it rolls,
Count the vast value of your souls;
Beware; and count the awful cost,
What they have gained whose souls are lost."

And now, fellow-men, I bid you an affectionate

farewell. The truths contained in these pages, will meet you again at the judgment-seat of Christ. May the Holy Spirit even now, make a saving application of them to your precious and immortal souls. Amen.

ADDRESS TO SAILORS AND BOATMEN

ON PROFANE SWEARING.

Sailors and Boatmen! From my frequent interviews with men of your occupation, I am constrained to say, that swearing is a very common sin among you. Many of you have been so long addicted to this habit, that you are not aware of the frequency and awful nature of your oaths. This however can be no justification either before God or man. The Lord will not hold him "guiltless that taketh his name in vain," whether the individual is conscious of doing it or not, at the time. God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. He cannot look upon sin, or upon sinners with the least allowance; and if a person has so long been in the habit of profaning His name, as not to regard it, must not this, instead of decreasing, only add to his guilt in view of the Holy One of Israel?

Let us look at this subject, fellow-men, in the light of the Bible, and of that eternity into which we are hastening. I come to reason with you this day on the folly and wickedness of this sin. You must not expect me to preach to you smooth things; to cry peace and safety, when "sudden destruction" is before you. *I* know, and *you* know; we *all*

know that the "swearer has no part in the kingdom of heaven." Listen to me attentively, I beseech you, while I remark—

First. That the swearer is in a lost state.

By this is meant that he is in a state of condemnation; under the wrath of God, exposed to His curse and displeasure here; and the miseries of an undone eternity hereafter. It is true his case is not as bad and as hopeless now, as it will be at the day of judgment; for then the sentence pronounced will be irrevocable. The door of mercy will be closed. The day of grace will be passed; for the end has come. Now, in this world, God is waiting to be gracious. Now, he invites the profane, to accept of offered mercy. He commands, entreats, and expostulates, saying, "O wicked man, why will ye die?" All this is done here, not because the sinner is not in a lost state, but because he is under a dispensation of grace and mercy. He is condemned already, and the "wrath of God abideth upon him," but a space is given him for repentance, and hence it is possible for him to be saved. This then is the condition of the blasphemer; under sentence of death, and yet that sentence not fully executed.

Secondly. The swearer is forgetful of God, and the interests of his immortal soul.

This is most evident from the fact, that he can take His holy and dreadful Name in vain, without a feeling, or a fear, of His displeasure. Sinners may blaspheme God because of "their plagues," as they do in the world of woe; but to blaspheme His holy name on earth, whilst in the enjoyment of the blessings of His providence, and the offers of His mercy through his Son, argues fearful stupidity

and forgetfulness of his holiness, justice, goodness and truth.

Suppose you were a subject of the King of France, and he had it in his power to inflict upon you the greatest evils a man can experience in this world, would you insult him to his face? Would you blaspheme and deride him every time he came within your hearing? Would you not rather walk circumspectly before him, even making use of the most respectful language? If you would do this in the presence of an earthly king, why not much rather in the presence of the King of Kings, and the Lord of Lords, before whom "angels bow and archangels veil their faces."

The truth is, O wicked man, you forget that the eye of God is continually upon you. This infinite Being is in heaven, earth, and hell. It is written in the cxxxix. Psalm, "O Lord, thou hast searched me, and know me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether

"Thou hast beset me behind, and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high I cannot attain unto it.

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

"If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there thy hand shall lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

"If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the

darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

This is very solemn and affecting. Let the profane man commit this scripture to memory, and frequently repeat it to himself, and I am almost certain he will cease to take God's holy name in vain. How could he utter his blasphemies in the very presence of this dreadful Lord God? It must be he does not realize his presence. He thinks of Him, if he thinks of Him at all, as a God afar off, and not as a God above him, below him, around him, within him. This accounts for his impenitent, careless life; his blasphemous language; his contempt of everything serious and sacred. Let me introduce here, for the serious consideration of those whose "mouth is full of cursing and bitterness," Watts's paraphrase of this Psalm:

"Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

"Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God

"If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
A Satan groans beneath thy chains.

"If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

"The veil of night is no disguise;
No screen from thy all-searching eyes:

Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon,
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon

"Midnight and noon in this agree,—
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy;
And hell lies naked to his eye.

"O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin: for God is there."

It is not surprising, that those who forget God, should be wholly unmindful of the interest of their immortal souls. If God is forgotten, the soul will be neglected and undone. If God is not feared, His threatenings will not be regarded. Alas! how sad and awful the consequences of this state of mind. Death and eternity are approaching; Hell is moved at his coming, while the blasphemer heeds it not. Day after day; and hour after hour, he "treasures up wrath, against the day of wrath," and yet he neither *knows*, nor *cares*, what will be the consequences of his present course.

Thirdly. The swearer possesses a carnal mind, which is enmity against God.

All holy beings reverence the name of the Holy One of Israel. Isaiah, in vision, "saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. And the seraphims cried one unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts."

And the Apostle John, also, when rapt in vision heard the worshippers of Jehovah make use of similar language: "And they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Here we have the language of the most pure and exalted

of created beings. How unlike the irreverence of the blasphemer, either in this world, or in the world of wo.

Have you not seen the father's mouth "full of cursing and bitterness," and the son also not yet ten years old, using the same language, calling down the curse of the Lord upon himself and his fellows? What stronger proof can we have of the enmity of the carnal mind against God? Say not, this is often done without reflection. If the heart were right, the language would always be respectful. If you felt a strong attachment to a friend, would you ever indulge in contemptuous language in his presence? Now if you had any love in your heart to the Christian's God, could you ever take His name in vain? No, wicked man; there cannot be a stronger proof of the entire alienation of your heart from the Lord your God, than that of profaning His name.

Carry this thought with you wherever you go: I hate God, my creator, preserver, and benefactor; I hate the Lord Jesus Christ, my Redeemer; I hate the Holy Ghost, the comforter and sanctifier of all the saved. This must be the true state of my heart, or I should never blaspheme that Holy Name, whom angels, and the "spirits of the just made perfect" continually adore.

Fourthly. The swearer bears a strong resemblance to the devil and his angels, and all lost souls.

This is evident from the similarity of their natures, and of their language. Are the lost in that world of wo, totally depraved? So is the swearer in this world of mercy and of privilege. Do they in that world of utter despair blaspheme "God because of their plagues?" The swearer in this

world does more: while every blessing is bestowed upon him from heaven, he contemns God, and pollutes the atmosphere with his profane language.

"Be astonished O heavens; and be thou horribly afraid O earth at this." How dreadful is this conclusion, and yet how just. To behold men on earth assimilated in their moral character to fallen angels and lost souls of our race, is a sight over which the Christian *may* and *should* weep. Yea more, it is a spectacle over which the Son of God did weep, "saying, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!" And such a spectacle does the swearer now present to God and all holy beings.

Fifthly. The swearer is wholly disqualified for heaven.

If, as the Bible affirms, "nothing unclean can enter into that holy place," then the class whom I am addressing can never, without repentance and reformation, be permitted to enter there. We have seen that such are in a lost state: that they are forgetful of God, and of the interests of their immortal souls; that they possess a carnal mind, which is enmity against God; and that they bear a strong moral resemblance to the finally impenitent in the world of wo. They must therefore be disqualified for that most holy place,

"The third heaven, where God resides."

It is written, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." This decision is irreversable. Either God or the swearer must change. "The Almighty," we know, "is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." The creatures who are to dwell with him eternally, are to bear a moral resemblance to himself. Jesus saves his people *from*, and not *in*

.heir sins. No truth is more clearly taught in the Bible than this, that every man's heart is depraved and must be renewed by the Holy Ghost, or he can never go where Christ has gone. I know that many of the profane disbelieve this. While they have not the least evidence that they are qualified for heaven; or that they could be happy if admitted into that holy place; still they say and believe that God will not cast them off at last. They have not the least idea, that they shall be rejected at the judgment of the great day. Notwithstanding all their blasphemy and contempt of God, they confidently expect that His injured and insulted Majesty will say to them at that day, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." They do not expect to be profane when they die, and therefore indulge the vain hope that such a change will take place then, if not before, as will qualify them for heaven. Thus the profane live, and thus they die; and stand before God to receive their unalterable allotment. Which leads me to remark,

Sixthly. That the swearer is not only in a lost state while he lives, but that if he dies without a moral renovation, he must dwell with the devil and his angels forever.

How can it be otherwise? He is fit for no other place. He has even now the mark of the beast (blasphemy) upon him. The mere fact of his removal from this world to the eternal world, would not of itself change his carnal mind, or prepare him to love and serve God. There is but one prison in eternity, and in that *one* all are to be confined who would not have "Christ to reign over them." The sons and the daughters of Adam will be arranged at death, and especially at the judgment, ac-

cording to the character they possessed in this world. There is no change of state or character in the world to come. The Scriptures are positive on this point, which settles the question forever.

Think not, O profane man, that you shall escape the dread punishment of your sins. You will not avoid reaping the "wages of sin, which is death;" and death too, in its most awful and extensive signification. And why should you complain of your lot? You are going to the place for which you are prepared. You are without holiness, as must be evident to yourself and others. Would you interrupt the songs of the redeemed with your unhallowed breath? Would you pollute heaven with your dreadful oaths? But you have not your choice in this matter. All who bear a moral resemblance to Satan and his angels; all who possess their enmity of heart against God; all who use their language, are possessed of a kindred spirit, and must dwell where they dwell, and suffer with them, "the vengeance of eternal fire." I write thus plainly, fellow-men, that you may take warning, and flee in time from the coming wrath. I do solemnly assure you, from the word of the Lord, that the punishment of a future world is to have no end. "I do most fully admit that it is indeed a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. But what if I or you should doubt or deny it? Can that have any influence on the eternal judge, who will pronounce my final sentence? None. Can your denial of what he has said, or your efforts to explain away the meaning of his declarations relative to things of a future world; can all this avail you, when you stand an unembodied, trembling, helpless spirit before his searching eye, and the tribunal of his Almighty power?"

O profane man, how dark are your prospects for another world. And yet there is no relief. If you do not break off your sins "by repentance, and your iniquities by turning unto the Lord;" there is nothing before you, but "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish." "If there be any relief for the dark prospects of the wicked as to the future state, it must come only from this source, viz: that the Bible has disclosed some method of future relief. But alas! where is this to be found? On this subject of unspeakable and everlasting moment, of tremendous interest, there is not *one* assertion, one *word* even, in all the book of God, which, when construed by the usual laws of language, can afford a gleam of hope. Where is another state of probation described? What are the means of grace to be enjoyed in *hell?* Is it the preaching of the Gospel? Is it the influence of the Holy Spirit? Who *preaches* in the bottomless pit; or how shall the Spirit of God dwell with blasphemers and reprobates? Will misery of itself make men penitent? And this in a world from which the means of grace are excluded? All, all, makes against such a supposition. There is not a sentence in the Scriptures which asserts it, or gives any countenance to it. All the warnings and exhortations which the Bible contains go upon the ground of men's *present* state of trial being their *final* and decisive one." I remark in the

Last Place. That the swearer's doom in the eternal world, will be a righteous doom.

He will receive his reward. When in this world he stifled the voice of conscience; disregarded the admonitions of friendship; neglected the means of grace; spurned at offers of mercy and grieved away the Spirit of God. In addition to

this, each day witnessed his awful imprecations, either upon himself, or upon his fellow-men. The Lord called, but he refused. The Lord stretched out his hand, but he did not regard it. "He set at naught all his counsel, and would none of his reproof." "I also," saith the Lord, "will laugh at your calamity; and mock when your fear cometh. When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you."

Such is the doom of the profane man; how dreadful, and yet how just! He will have no one to blame but himself. "He knew his duty, but he did it not."

He repeatedly asked God, (O, it was a dreadful request,) to send him to the world of wo; and if after sparing him year after year, and following him with entreaty upon entreaty, to turn to Him, and live, He now executes the full vengeance of His wrath upon his undying soul, will He not be just and his throne forever guiltless?

In conclusion, fellow-men, let me entreat you to take this matter into serious consideration. You may consider this address too plain, and direct. But is there not a cause? Are you not in the broad way to death? Would you go unwarned to the judgment? Will you consider me your enemy because I tell you the truth, and would fain pluck you as a brand from the burning? You must be convinced that I wish you well, and therefore warn you of the consequences of your present course. "O that you were wise, that you understood this, that you would consider your latter end." If you disregard entreaty and admonition a little longer, you will be beyond the reach of warning, of mercy, and of prayer. Your momentary rejoicing will

give place to eternal mourning. You will no more mock at sin, or the never-ceasing sighs of the place of torment.

Return, O blasphemer return! in penitence to your oft-insulted Father in heaven, and intreat Him to pardon your iniquity, for it is great. Go to your injured Saviour and tell him,

> "You're a wretch undone,
> Without his sovereign grace."

And above all, implore most earnestly the teachings of the Holy Spirit, that He may lead you to confess your sins, and forsake them, and find mercy.

TREASURING UP WRATH.

Ungrateful man! Oh whence this scorn
Of long extended grace?
And whence this madness, that insults
Th' Almighty to his face?

Is all the treasur'd wrath so small,
You labor still for more;
Though not eternal rolling years
Can e'er exhaust that store?

Swift will the day of vengeance come
Which must your sentence seal;
And righteous judgment now unknown,
In all its wrath reveal.

Alarm'd and melted at his voice,
Your conquer'd heart shall bow;
But to escape the vengeance then
Embrace the Saviour now.

ADDRESS TO DRIVERS ON THE CANALS.

'Of all the seasons of life, youth is the one in which we are least disposed to anticipate days of darkness. The spirits are then light and cheerful. The blood is warm; the passions are ardent: the inward pleadings for their indulgence are powerful; restraint is felt to be irksome, and is esteemed unreasonable; the counsels of age are apt to be disregarded, as coming from those who have themselves enjoyed their youth, and who being incapable of its pleasures, would ungenerously deny them to others. These counsels may be the result of dear-bought experience, and the dictate of sincerest affection. But youth is seldom, or ever disposed to take it upon trust from others, that all is vanity, but is determined to make the trial for itself. Feeling that there are pleasures in sin, it flatters itself with the persuasion that the young at least may be allowed a little license. Impelled by inward propensities, and solicited by outward temptations, it pursues its course of indulgence. What the Bible condemns as dangerous and ruinous sins, it learns to call by the soft names of juvenile levities, irregularities, indiscretion; and laughs away reflection, as the business of maturer age."

My young friends, I hope you will listen to a few words of advice from one who has no other interest in addressing you, than that of your happiness and usefulness in this world, and the everlasting salvation of your souls in the world which is to come. I have often visited you at your stations, and conversed and prayed with you, supplying you with Testaments and religious books, which I hope may

be attended with the divine blessing. I know you are greatly exposed to temptation. Some of you are given to intemperance, profane swearing, card playing &c., and almost all of you during the season of navigation are obliged to spend the holy Sabbath as you do any other day of the week. You seldom attend church, or have any religious instruction whatever. You are therefore very thoughtless about your souls. Your great concern is, to do something to make yourselves comfortable in this world, and even in this you are often disappointed. You are exposed to hardships, by day and by night; to dews, and damps, and sickness, and death. Under these circumstances, it would be unkind and cruel, for any one to add to your calamity, or unnecessarily to increase your burthens. It is not my intention to do so. If I speak plainly to you in this address; if I warn you to flee "from the wrath to come," you must consider it a friendly warning. I wish not to torment you before the time, but I wish to let you know that if you live without God in the world, and die in your sins, you will be far more miserable in eternity than you are, or can be here. And on the other hand I wish to let you know, that if you turn from your wicked ways, and love and serve God in this life, you will be perfectly happy in the life which is to come. Will you not then give me your attention, while I say a few things to you about the salvation of your souls? And,

First. You must remember God, and seek Him in early life.

Forgetfulness of God is the great cause of profanity, intemperance, sabbath-breaking, theft, lying, lewdness, idolatry and murder in the world. "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not

see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." How solemn is the thought that that "God with whom we have to do and in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways," is every where. Would not those who are guilty of committing some, or all of the sins just mentioned tremble and be greatly afraid, if they realized the constant presence of that *Being* whose eyes are as a flame of fire; before whom the night shineth as the day; to whom the darkness and the light are both alike? Let the youth who is tempted to sin bear this in mind, "Thou, God seeest me." Let him say to himself,

> "Within thy circling power I stand;
> On every side I find thy hand;
> Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
> I am surrounded still with God."

My young friends, forgetfulness of this awful truth leads you to do a great many wicked things you would not do when tempted to sin. And as a natural consequence, it also leads you to depart farther and farther from God. He calls upon you to "Remember your Creator in the days of your youth." He says to you, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." All this you entirely disregard; God is not in all your thoughts; you desire not the knowledge of His ways. Your Saviour follows you with entreaty upon entreaty; He says to you in Prov. 2d, "My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasure;

then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God."

This is a most encouraging scripture, to seek God in early life. Do any of you, dear youth, desire the favor and love of God? Do you wish to die the death of the righteous? here you are assured of obtaining all this good if you seek Him *now* even in the morning of life. I remark,

Secondly. You must not let difficulties preven you from seeking God early.

I am sensible there are very great difficulties in the way of your conversion to God. Many of you have had little instruction in the Bible: you have been poor and neglected. Others of you have been well instructed, and not liking parental restraint have broken away from your father's house, and like the prodigal are in want. Some of you are orphans and have to provide for yourselves, and having no one to care for you, you have fallen into bad company, and have learned to swear, and to practise almost every evil. And nearly all of you strengthen each other's hands in wickedness. You are also deprived of the privilege of attending church on the Sabbath. Seldom do you see a missionary, or have any thing said to you about your souls. Your companions are generally profane, and some of them intemperate, and nearly all of them forgetful of God, and the interests of their immortal souls. All these things render it difficult for you to become religious. And if at any time one of you becomes serious, his companions will try to laugh him out of it. I have often heard Boatmen say, "We cannot be religious in this place." And I am not surprised they think so; for it must be acknowledged there are many difficulties in the way of a religious life among you.

My young friends, I know and acknowledge your dangers and your difficulties; but you must not be surprised if I say to you, one and all, they *can*, and they *must* be overcome. If you are disposed to love and serve God, you will do it, no matter where you are. If the fear of God is in your hearts, you will not regard the ridicule of the wicked. If you knew you were condemned to die in a few days, and the only man on earth who had the power to pardon you, should say to you, "If you will ask me to pardon you I will do it," do you suppose you would say, "my companions will laugh at and despise me for it, and therefore I will suffer the penalty of the law?" You know you would disregard all that they should say or do, and no obstacles would prevent you from obtaining pardon. Now let me apply this case to your soul. That is condemned already, and the "wrath of God abideth on you." The Bible says this, and therefore it must be true. Whether you believe it or not, you are while out of Christ, poor lost sinners, on your way to the place of endless torment. In the Bible this place is often called *hell*, "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." In this place of misery all those who live and die in sin, are to dwell with the devil and his angels for ever. Do not laugh at this. If you become mockers, your bonds may be made strong. God may leave you to believe a lie, that you "may be damned."

I feel very much concerned, for fear you will treat this subject lightly. If you do impenitent youth what hope can there be in your case? You can be saved now, if you will accept of Christ as your Saviour. There is "a name given under heaven among men" by which you *can* and *must* be saved. This name is the name of Jesus. He cam

from heaven to earth to save lost sinners. He is both able and willing to save. He alone can grant you a pardon, that will deliver you from the condemnation of the righteous law of God. And will you not ask mercy at His hand? Will you not pray, "God be merciful to me a Sinner? Will you suffer your companions in sin to laugh you out of your seriousness? Will you suffer any difficulty whatever to prevent your eternal salvation? Will you disregard entreaty and admonition a little longer? If you do, it can be but a little. The time is coming, and may be near, when you will die. Then, whether you are prepared or not, your soul must stand before God. How will you feel at that solemn moment if you have all your life neglected the "great salvation." You cannot expect God to show you mercy after you have despised His offers of mercy all your life. You cannot expect the Lord Jesus Christ to take you to heaven, when a thousand times you profaned His holy name, and never called upon him in prayer to bless and save you. After the rich man died and lifted his eyes in hell, he found his mistake in not calling for mercy in time, and began to call for some relief when it was too late. So it will be with you, vain youth, if you go on a little longer in your sins. Your light and trifling heart will experience too deep an anguish ever to rejoice again. As hard as your lot is in this world, if you die in your sins it will be unspeakably harder in the world to come. Here, notwithstanding your poverty, you have many good things. But if you go "to that place of torment," you will find they have all been received. Instead of being comforted you will be tormented. Do not dismiss this subject as soon as

you have read this address. But listen to me still farther, while I remark in the

Third and Last Place. In order that you may overcome these difficulties, you must keep the subject of death, judgment, and of eternity before you.

Those who are unprepared to die, are unwilling to think about death. They avoid conversation on the subject, and banish it as much as possible from their minds. This accounts for the ignorance, profanity, and carnal security of the thousands of youth on our canals and elsewhere. They know that death sometimes comes to the young, but they do not calculate he will come and take them away to the eternal world. Now this is both sinful and unwise. God commands the young to remember Him: to love and serve Him; and thus to be prepared to die, and dwell with Him for ever. If a youth refuses to do this, even for a day, he treats the Great God with contempt. He says, by his conduct, I will not have this God to reign over me. Is not this an awful sin? It is folly also; for death will come just as soon, notwithstanding you may banish all thoughts of it from your minds. And then too, this forgetfulness of so serious and important a subject, will make it certain that when He comes He will find you unprepared. How can you, dear youth, be so foolish as to banish from your minds the approach of the "king of terrors," who is to introduce you into a world where there is to be no more change. If you keep this subject at all times before you, you will be concerned about the safety of your soul. You will be saying to yourselves, "I must die soon, and stand before God, and then if I am not saved, through the Lord Jesus Christ, my soul will be forever lost in hell." Would

not such thoughts lead you to overcome the difficulties in the way of your conversion? Would you not be led to seek the Lord, and call upon Him for mercy, and pardon and eternal life? What if others should point at you the finger of scorn, would that stop you from seeking the Lord, when you felt that you were dying sinners, in a dying world, and that unless you found mercy soon, the door of mercy would be closed, and God would "Swear in his wrath that you should not enter into his rest?" No, profane, thoughtless youth, you will be profane and thoughtless no more, if you keep these solemn things, death, judgment, and eternity constantly before your minds.

O the thought of that day also when the "dead shall hear his voice and come forth; they that have done good to the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation."

"O the day! the dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
What power shall be the sinner's stay,
How shall he meet that dreadful day."

The thought of that great day should make the sinner tremble, and fall to "sudden prayer." Suppose the 5000 drivers on our canals should this night be called to die, and stand before God, and be "judged according to the deeds done in the body?" How few of them we have reason to hope would be saved. Could we see their departed spirits in the eternal world, what weeping, lamentation, and wo should we witness.

Dear youth, you are not yet called to die, and to be judged, and will you not improve the little time you may live in preparation for heaven? You have been told repeatedly that you cannot go there

an ess you become holy. Do not say you will attend to this subject to-morrow, or next day, or next week, or next winter after you leave the cana.. You have no security for your life. You know not what a day may bring forth. Your life is even as a "vapor, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away." While you are resolving to do better, and to seek the salvation of your souls, death may come and surprise you in your sins, and send your immortal spirits into eternity, there to lament a misspent life in groans, and sighs, and tears and prayers, without relief and without end

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

"Now in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator God,
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say—*my joys are gone.*

"Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

"The dust returns to dust again:
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and sinks to hell.

"Eternal King, I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love."

"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ."

"The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass

away with a great noise, and the elements shal melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." 2d Peter, iii. 10.

"Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools be wise
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise.
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.
Then join, ye saints; wake every cheerful passion:
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation."

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE.

"How can ye escape the damnation of hell."—MATT. xxiii. 23

THESE words are the conclusion of the eighth woe denounced against the Scribes and Pharisees, for their hypocrisy and unbelief. These men were exalted to heaven in point of privilege, and for their abuse of their privileges were to be cast down to hell. They were warned of their danger but the warning was attended with no good effect. They were exhorted to repentance, but they considered themselves sufficiently righteous without repentance. They placed all their religion in heartless form, and would none of the reproof of the Lord. They resisted all the efforts of John the Baptist, and of the Lord Jesus Christ to convince and convert them; and therefore "wrath come upon them to the uttermost." "Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers," said the meek and lowly Saviour, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

These men have long since gone to meet the retributions of eternity. But were they the only persons to whom this language is applicable? Oh no: there were multitudes *then*, and there are multitudes *now*, in the same broad way to destruction. Multitudes, of whom it may be said with the strictest propriety, they cannot escape the "damnation of hell."

The word hell is sometimes used in the Bible to denote the grave; but in very many places it can only mean the place of future and eternal punishment, originally "prepared for the devil and his angels." This must be its meaning in this place. Since there is such a place as an eternal hell; and since those who die in their sins are to be cast into it; it certainly is an act of mercy in God to warn us of our danger; and an act of mercy in a preacher of the Gospel to reiterate the warning, that men may be induced to flee in season from the wrath to come. To keep this subject out of sight, or to give it less prominence than is given to it in the Bible, is both *cruel* and *unwise*. To exclude it from our reflections,—to dismiss it as soon as possible when it intrudes itself upon our thoughts; or to attempt to explain away the many passages of Scripture that refer to the "place of torment" argues unpardonable ignorance and hardness of heart.

The object of this discourse is not to enter upon the proof that the punishment of the wicked in the future world, will be endless in its duration. I assume it as a fact, a solemn and awful fact, that there is not "*one* assertion,—one *word* even," in all the Book of God, "which when construed by the usual laws of language" can afford a gleam of hope, to alleviate the dark prospects of the wicked in the world to come.

The object will be to notice the different classes of persons, who dying as they live, cannot escape the "damnation of hell." And

First. All unbelievers in Divine Revelation living and dying such, cannot escape this fearful doom.

Under this head I include all those who either in whole or in part, reject the revelation which God has made to men. The sacred Scriptures are the only infallible rule of faith and practice. They give us the only satisfactory account of the perfections of God; the fall of man; and his recovery through the atonement of Christ; of the account of the Holy Spirit; the judgment of the great day; the eternal blessedness of the righteous; and the condemnation and eternal doom of the wicked. All will readily perceive that these are matters of the utmost importance to beings whose life is a vapor, whose natures are sinful, whose hearts must be changed, and whose sins must be forgiven, in order to secure the favor of God, and a blessed immortality. Since God has been pleased to give us this revelation, it is most evident that a disbelief of it, involves the deepest guilt and the most aggravated condemnation. To deny a part of the Bible, must also involve the same guilt and condemnation. It is written, "If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." This solemn and awful declaration more than intimates that the expungers and rejectors of the Bible shall be banished from the holy city, and from all good forever.

Secondly. Immoral persons, living and dying such, cannot escape the "damnation of hell."

It is not necessary to enumerate the different classes of men who may be termed immoral. All who are in the habit of reading the Scriptures, or of hearing them read, must be sensible that they condemn persons of this description to perpetual banishment from the presence of the Lord. Not a solitary exception can be found in the Bible. In every age, and among every people, men dying immoral, have been excluded from the kingdon of heaven. What multitudes of these have thronged, and what multitudes still throng the broad way to destruction! There can be no hope for them They are condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth on them. Their sins go beforehand to judgment. By their pollutions they make it evident to themselves and others, that they are not in a saved state. Oh, that such would consider their ways and be wise; that they would confess their sins, and take hold on the paths of life.

Thirdly Impenitent persons, *however moral*, cannot escape the "damnation of hell."

All immoral persons are *impenitent*; yet it does not follow that all moral persons are *penitent*. The Scribes and Pharisees were very correct in their outward deportment, and yet they were called upon by John the Baptist, and the Lord Jesus Christ, to repent. To this class the words of the text were originally addressed. Our Lord had no hearers who were farther from the kingdom of heaven. He charges them with hypocrisy, and with paying "tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, and omitting the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith." They are represented as "making clean the outside of the cup and platter, while within they were full of extortion and excess." From all this it is evident they were moral in the

usual acceptation of that term; while their hearts were hard and insensible. Their carnal minds were full of enmity, both to the person and the doctrines of Christ, and they were assured by the Saviour himself that "Publicans and harlots would enter the kingdom of heaven before them."

All moral persons who are destitute of repentance, may not equal the Scribes and Pharisees in hypocrisy and hardness of heart; still there is much reason to believe that among this portion of the community there are many who, trusting to their own worthless righteousness, are even farther from the kingdom of God than the vicious and immoral, especially if they are Christless professors of religion. Those who have not experienced the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit, regard merely their external conformity to the law. If their life is outwardly prosperous, they look with contempt upon the meek and lowly disciples of Christ. This was strikingly illustrated in the conduct of the Pharisee, who "thanked God that he was not as other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers," or even as the publican, who, standing afar off, would not so much as lift his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to mé a sinner." "I tell you," said the Saviour, "this man went down to his house justified, rather than the other." Self-righteousness is the peculiar characteristic of this class; well may it be said of them, "How hardly shall they enter into the kingdom of heaven." Ah! fellow-men, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Yes, as surely as the infidel and the immoral. *Their* sins go beforehand to judgment. Death and condemnation is written upon all they do and say; the sins of the moralist and hypocrite being hid from the observation of

their fellow-men, under a fair outward deportment, follow after, but will as inevitably meet their reward.

Lastly. All those cannot "escape the damnation of hell," who die without experiencing the renewing and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit.

Said the Saviour to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." No language can be plainer or more explicit. According to this Scripture, as certainly as a man has been once born, he must be born again; or he must bid farewell to God and Christ and heaven forevermore. To a professor and teacher of religion, this language was first addressed. This master in Israel knew no more of the doctrine of spiritual regeneration, than a child does of the greatest mysteries of philosophy. O how many wear the garb of sanctity; how many attempt to preach the Gospel without the least practical knowledge of the essential doctrine of spiritual renovation. All men by nature are destitute of holiness, "without which no man shall see the Lord." Christ came into the world to redeem unto himself a peculiar people. He saves them from their sins. This is effected by the renewing and sanctifying influences of His Spirit on their hearts. Forms of religion without this are vain; and all pretensions to faith and piety solemn mockery. When the Spirit of God performs this work on the human mind, he invariably teaches us that we are by nature and by practice, sinners; that while in this state we are not fitted for the holy duties and enjoyments of religion; and that we can never be saved without spiritual regeneration.

"When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
And whelm'd my tortur'd mind

Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas, I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God."

Reader, I have thus far pursued this awful subject with a firm conviction that what has been advanced is founded on the Bible. Has God said, "the wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget Him?" Then we may rest assured it will be as He has said. Notwithstanding Christ prayed his Father to forgive his persecutors; notwithstanding when on earth he shed tears of compassion over sinners; notwithstanding He is the "only name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved;" still, if men *will* reject Him; if they will walk in their own evil way, He *must* and he *will* bring them into judgment. "If he whet his glittering sword, and his hand take hold on vengeance; he will render fury to his adversaries, and recompense to his enemies!"

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." But if the world will not believe in him, it cannot be saved. "He came to seek and to save that which was *lost*." Yet he has also assured us, that if we die in our sins, we cannot be saved, we must be *lost*. God in his sovereignty has resolved that his mercy shall never be extended to the place of tor-

ment; and this is the reason why the finally impenitent "cannot escape the damnation of hell." At an infinite expense, salvation has been procured for men; yet if they will not in this life avail themselves of the Gospel offer, there can be no hope, for in the life to come, no proclamations of pardon, no tidings of salvation are ever heard.

Reader, be assured of this, that if you fail of obtaining salvation here, you will fail *forever*. I repeat what I have before said; there is no intimation in Scripture, that men will ever enjoy another season of grace; another opportunity of repentance. Be entreated to consider this, ye careless and thoughtless ones, and turn to the strong-hold while yet you are prisoners of hope. God now warns you of your danger; he entreats you to return; he assures you if you repent, and confess and forsake your sins, you shall find mercy. He promises you saving grace if you will seek him with all your heart. "My son," says God by Solomon, "if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God."

Reader, if you place yourself under the shadow of Jehovah's wings, he will be your sun and shield, —but if you forsake him he will cast you off forever. You are, whether sensible of it or not, destined to an immortal existence; and by your conduct are to determine whether that existence shall be joyous or painful. Life and death are set before you; *your* choice is to determine which shall

be your portion. If you choose Christ as your portion, you will be eternally saved in heaven; if you choose the world, you will be eternally lost in hell. O may God dispose you by his word and Spirit to choose life, that your soul may live, and to his name be all the glory. *Amen.*

EXPOSTULATION. 7s.

Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, your *Maker*, asks you why;
God who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will you cross his love and die?

Sinners! turn—why will ye die?
God, your *Saviour*, asks you why;
He who his own life did give,
That ye might forever live;
Will you let him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, O ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

Sinners! turn—why will ye die?
God, the *Spirit*, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove—
Moved you to embrace his love—
Will ye not his love receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, O long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die?

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

"Behold he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him."—Rev. i. 7.

The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ aims to make men happy by making them holy. The influence of all its doctrines, is to subdue passion, restrain from sin, and excite the soul to holy and heavenly attainments. Do we urge repentance, self-denial, and watchfulness; it is that men may be prepared for the coming of the Son of Man, and for the retributions of eternity. For without repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, we are not prepared for the tremendous scenes of a future judgment.

In speaking from this passage of Scripture, I shall notice—

I. The certainty,

II. The manner, and

III. The effects of Christ's coming to judgment.

I. The certainty of his coming.

"Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied saying, Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them; and of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." After the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, he showed himself to his disciples, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. It was on one of these occasions he was parted from them and a cloud received him

out of their sight. "And while they looked steadfastly towards heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

Again. The tyranny and oppression; the injustice and extortion, and excess that have in every age distracted the world; together with the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments, is a strong presumptive evidence that there will be a day of retribution, and perdition of ungodly men.

In this world the powerful not unfrequently oppress the weak and innocent. The haughty king of Egypt oppressed the people of God, and held the church in bondage. Nebuchadnezzar cast the three worthies of Babylon into the furnace of fire for not worshipping the image of gold which he had set up. Herod caused the voice of weeping and lamentation to be heard in Bethlehem of Judea, "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not."

Many conscientious and devoted Christians have had trial of "cruel mockings and scourgings; they were stoned,—they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword." The holy Saviour was persecuted, mocked, condemned, and by wicked hands was taken, crucified and slain. In this world the wicked are often greatly prospered. Retribution is for the present deferred, but it cometh in the end. The feeling of responsibility,—every admonition and rebuke of conscience implies the idea of coming retribution. Thus it is evident both from Scripture and reason, that there will be a day of universal judgment, "on which the personal

concerns of angels and of men will be brought to the last trial, and irreversibly settled forever."

II. I am to notice the manner of Christ's coming to judgment.

He will come not in humiliation; not in the form of a servant; not as a criminal to be arraigned before a human judge; but in sublime and awful splendor; similar it may be to his appearance to St. John in vision. Rev. i. 12—16. It is called a glorious appearing: "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

"I beheld," says Daniel, "till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire; a fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him. The judgment was set, and the books were opened."

But the most impressive and sublime idea of his appearance is given in Rev. xx. 11: "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them."

"Triumphant King of glory! soul of bliss!
What a stupendous change of state is this?
O! whither art thou raised above the scorn
And indigence of *him* in Bethlehem born.
How changed from *him* who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsafed to wash the feet himself had made.
From *him* who was betrayed, forsook, denied;
Wept, languish'd, prayed, bled, thirsted, groaned, and died:
Hung pierced and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcerned below."

Again. The time when the Lord Jesus Christ shall come to judge the world is known only to God; to us it is altogether uncertain.

It is written, "But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered the ark and knew not until the flood came and took them all away, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

From this Scripture we learn that at the time Christ shall come in the clouds of heaven, the whole world will be sunk in carnal sleep and security. Men will be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. The imaginations of the thoughts of their hearts will be evil continually. "They will be a world of scorners," who will insultingly cry, "where is the promise of his coming, for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning?" Shortly after the millennium, or immediately it may be after the expiration of the thousand years, "Satan will be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the nations, and gather them together to battle, the number of whom shall be as the sand upon the sea-shore." The enmity of the old serpent will again be revived: human nature being left to its natural course without the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit, and instigated by Satan to every species of iniquity, the world in a short time will become singularly wicked. As it was before the flood, so it will be now; "All flesh had corrupted before God; and it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at the heart." So it will be at the end of the world. The

old scenes will be acted over again. Religious wars and massacres will be as frequent and as natural as ever. "They will go up on the breadth of the earth, and compass the camp of the saints about and the beloved city."

"When mankind are thus ripened for destruction, when the cup of their iniquity is full; when the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, will have gained their full dominion over the human race;—this awful day will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

"At midnight, when mankind are wrapt in peace;
When worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams:
To add more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight 'tis presumed this pomp will burst upon the world
In tenfold darkness:
Man starting from his couch shall sleep no more."

The ancient Christians believed that this Scripture, "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night," would be literally accomplished. Nor is there any proof that the interpretation is erroneous. There is no improbability that the sun which hid his face at the crucifixion of the Redeemer, will again retire from this stupendous scene; or that the moon and stars will withdraw their shining and leave the world in deep and melancholy darkness. In this case the morning of the great day will be ushered in, not by the cheerful twilight spread over the mountains, but the awful approach of that intense splendor: surrounded by which the Son of God will descend; a new and terrible light will appear in mid-heaven, and advancing towards the

earth, will diffuse such a morning over its regions as the Universe has never beheld, and will never behold again.

"Amazing period! when each mountain top
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they poured:
Stars rush: and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation."

III. I am to notice the *effects* of Christ's coming to judgment.

First. Every eye shall see him. It is called in the Bible, "a revelation of the righteous judgment of God." In this world his glories are concealed. It is written, "He shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him."

When the Word was made flesh and dwelt among men, he was possessed of the glories of the Godhead, but few had eyes to behold his glory. To a gay and thoughtless world his glories were concealed under the veil of his humanity. And although he gave full proof of the Divinity of his nature by his works, and the power and authority of his doctrines, yet all was lost upon them from the consideration of his low and obscure birth. But when he cometh with clouds, every eye shall behold the matchless glories of his person. To him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess. His enemies shall fly from his sight in vain.

Those who pierced him will be there; they also shall see him. Herod with his men of war, who set him at naught; Caiaphas who smote him on the cheek; the scribes and Pharisees who stood and

vehemently accused him. The multitude who cried "crucify him, crucify him." The soldiers who bowed the knee before him and mocked him, saying, "hail, king of the Jews," these all shall see him coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.

Secondly. They shall wail because of him.

They will do this because of the discoveries that shall be made at Christ's coming. Here the eye of the adulterer waiteth for the evening, the black and dark night, saying, "no eye shall see me." At that day his deeds of darkness shall be brought to light, and the councils of his heart be made manifest.

Here, the assassin lurks behind the curtain of night, and secretly slays the innocent. There, the cry of innocent blood shall testify against him. Here, the wicked plotteth against the just. There, the cruel policy of the enemies of the cross; their cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive, shall be stript of their covering, for with God nothing is impossible. The thoughts of every heart in that day shall be revealed; "For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Here the workers of iniquity do often hide themselves from the scrutiny of the most discerning eye; from such the discoveries of that day will extort the cry of agony and despair. How will they weep and howl when their miseries shall come upon them.

Thirdly. They shall wail because of the separations that shall take place.

The associations of earth shall forever be dissolved. Oh, in how many instances parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives

will meet for the last time. At the judgment the counsels, the warnings, the entreaties, the affectionate expostulations of a pious father or mother will be heard no more.

Those children who disregard the admonitions of their parents, and live in neglect of the great salvation, little know the sorrow of heart they occasion. They little know the prayerful and tearful solicitude of a mother especially on their behalf. But at the judgment the prayer of agony, "O Jesus, have mercy on my wayward son; my vain and thoughtless daughter," will be made no more.

Brothers and sisters also, mutually and unspeakably beloved here, and such of them as were devoted to sin, warned, reproved, and borne to heaven on the wings of prayer by those who consecrated themselves to God, will be parted asunder to meet no more. Most distressing of all; husbands and wives here united in the nearest of all earthly relations, and the tenderest of all earthly attachments, will there not unfrequently be seated, one on the right hand and the other on the left. One will ascend with the Judge to the world of glory, and the other, lost in the host of evil beings, go down to the regions of despair. One will advance in wisdom, worth and joy throughout endless ages; the other make a dreadful and melancholy progress in guilt and sorrow forever.

Fourthly. The wicked shall wail because of the eternity of the punishment to be inflicted.

It is written, "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Now, the despisers of God's grace will mourn over their irrecoverable opportunities. The sabbath-breaker will sigh in vain for the return of

the accepted time. The swearer will find that it is an evil and bitter thing to sin against the Lord, and to take his holy name in vain. Eternity! Eternity! this completes the sinner's misery. "Could a lost soul shed but one tear, once in ten thousand years, and do this until a sea as vast as all the seas on the earth together were filled with tears; all his sufferings, in that long period, would be the beginning of eternal misery." Ah! the thought that the soul is lost, forever lost, will come, "Wailing, wailing, wailing, at the judgment-seat of Christ." Notwithstanding this deep and dreadful anguish, the sinner will find no place of repentance in God. When on earth he insulted his mercy; abused his goodness, grieved his Spirit, and rejected his Son. Now, all is lost. Methinks I hear his groans; I see the anguish of his spirit, while he remembers all that has passed on earth and looks forward to that which is before him in eternity. We may anticipate his reflections.

I once enjoyed Sabbaths and sanctuary privileges. The day of the Lord often returned to visit my guilty, thoughtless soul, with its reviving beams. It seemed to invite me to return to God, that I might live. But alas! I disregarded its silent, yet solemn admonitions. I indulged in vain and wicked thoughts and conversation, and found my own pleasure on that holy day. Those Sabbaths and sanctuary privileges will return to me no more. No more will the offer of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ be made to me. No more will Almighty God regard the anguish of my spirit, or lend an ear to my prayer for mercy. I once heard the voice of his word, saying, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" "Ho, every one that thirsteth come to the waters and drink." But I set at naught

all his counsel, and would none of his reproof. Now, "God laughs at my calamity, and mocks at the coming of my fear. My fear has come as desolation, and my destruction as a whirlwind; distress and anguish have come upon me." I call upon him but he will not answer; I seek him, but I cannot find him. While in time, I hated instruction, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: now, I must eat of the fruit of my own way and be filled with my own devices. The harvest season of life is past, and I am not saved! I shall no more hear the voice of Christian kindness inviting me to go with the people of God to their everlasting abode. In yonder world I see them tuning their harps of gold, and singing the anthems of redemption. When on earth I was told in the Bible, there would be "weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of heaven, and ye yourselves thrust out." I did not *believe* it *then*, but I *feel* it *now*. "What shall I give in exchange for my soul?"

Dear reader, is not this deep anguish? is not this the endurance of God's wrath? And now if you are in the broad way to death, let me entreat you to stop and reflect before you are eternally lost. Let the gay and thoughtless youth; the worldly minded; the formalist, the careless and dissipated remember that the end of these things is death. Let such be awakened to activity and diligence in the work of salvation, from the thrilling conviction that *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation! Reflect before you die.

Stop, poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?

On the verge of ruin stop—
Now the friendly warning take
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

"All those expostulations which are given you sabbath after sabbath, are designed to prevent the loss of the soul. The holy hours of that day in which God commands you to meet him in his sanctuary are occupied with messages of grace that you may not wail at the coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven. All those doctrines which unfold the plan of redemption, are intended to search the heart, and lead you to seek your eternal salvation. *Everything* bears upon the great subject we have been considering." And now, dear reader, what will you do? will you throw aside this book, and dismiss every thought of death, judgment and eternity? or will you think on your end,

—"nor thoughtless say,
I'll put far off the evil day!"

Fellow-men, by all that is joyful in the anticipations of a blessed immortality, or fearful in the prospect and certainty of future wo; I beseech you to prepare to meet your God. Let a portion of each day be employed in making provision for your soul. Will you lose it? will you barter it for a thing of naught; sell your soul for worldly honor, or profit, or pleasure? What folly can compare with this folly; what madness with this madness? Must Christ plead and expostulate in vain? Must his tears fall and his life be poured upon the ground in vain as to you? Must that immaterial spirit, your soul, linger in eternal night, because you will not improve the day of your opportunities? How can I leave any of the readers of this book to pur-

sue the downward road to death. How can I bear the thought of their wailing at the coming of Christ · of their being separated from the righteous, and placed at the left hand of the judgment seat; there to hear their doom, and weep and wail, because of the eternity of the punishment to be inflicted.

"A wretch that is condemned to die to-morrow cannot forget it: and yet poor sinners that continually are uncertain to live an hour, and certain speedily to see the majesty of the Lord to their inconceivable joy or terror, as sure as they now live on earth, can forget these things for which they have their memory; and which one would think, should drown the matters of this world as the report of a cannon does a whisper, or as the sun obscures the poorest glow-worm. Oh, wonderful folly, and distractedness of the ungodly! that ever men can forget, I say again, that they can forget eternal joy,—eternal wo,—and the eternal God,—and the place of their eternal unchangeable abode, when they stand even at the door:—and there is but a thin veil of flesh between them and that amazing sight,—that eternal gulf, and they are daily dying and stepping in."

See the Eternal Judge descending—
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom—
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh! that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his spirit move.

Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part,
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, 'Depart
Lost forever,
Hear the dreadful sound, 'Depart.'

THE WAGES OF SIN.

"The wages of sin is death."—ROMANS vi. 23.

THE Apostle in these words suggests to us the *character* and *reward* of sin. In places where the Gospel is preached and the Bible read, there are but few whose consciences are not on the side of religion. Hard must be that heart, and blinded the mind, that does not acknowledge the divinity of the word of God which hath brought "life and immortality to light;" and tremble at the denunciations of wrath against the finally impenitent. Yet there are those who

"Sport upon the brink of everlasting woe,"

who live without God, and descend into the grave without hope.

The Psalmist most forcibly describes he life and death of those who are carnal, sold under sin. "There are no bonds in their death: but their

strength is firm. They are corrupt and speak wickedly concerning oppression, they speak loftily, they set their mouth against the heavens. and their tongue walketh through the earth."

"But O their end, their dreadful end."

"How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment, they are utterly consumed with terror."

The text leads me to remark,

First. That sin is an absolute master.

This is manifest from the experience of nations and individuals in every age of the world. What else could have induced our first parents to hide themselves from the presence of the Lord God, when they had previously enjoyed such sweet communion with him?

If sin had not had dominion over them, they would honestly have confessed their fault and asked forgiveness. But instead of this, they cast the blame of eating the forbidden fruit upon God and the serpent. If sin had not had dominion over Cain, he would never have slain his brother. The old world would never have been swept away with a flood of waters, if "all flesh had not corrupted its way before God." On this principle alone can we account for the prevalence of idolatry among mankind. "Because, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened.

"Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools; and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. They changed the truth of God into a lie,

and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is God over all blessed forever." Rom. i.

The dominion of sin over the mind of man while in a natural state, is strikingly exhibited in the written word. John viii. 34: "Jesus answered them, verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?"

Another evidence of this truth is, an almost universal acknowledgment on the part of the miserable slave of sin, that the corruptions of his heart are so strong, that neither the alluring joys of heaven, nor the appalling terrors of hell, can deter him from the commission of those crimes which he knows will terminate in death. It is true a speculative knowledge of the Scriptures may be obtained, yet while the mind remains unrenewed by the Holy Spirit, all is dark; the understanding, the will, the conscience, the affections, all, all are deranged. It is a soul in ruins. under the dominion of the "god of this world;" led captive by Satan at his will.

Secondly. Sin is a hard master.

Christians who have been brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light, still are burdened with sin; and often with the Apostle exclaim, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And although they are delivered from the power and dominion of sin, yet they have reason daily to exclaim, "O Lord, pardon my iniquity, for it is great." If this is true of real Christians, what must be the condition of the impenitent?

Is the rich worldling free, who has all that heart can desire? who is "clothed in purple and fine

linen, and fares sumptuously every day?" It is granted that he can, and does sing the requiem to his heart, "soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." He may delight himself in the magnificence of his earthly mansions, and in the pride of his heart say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built, for the house of my kingdom, by the might of my power, and the honor of my majesty?" While the word is in his mouth, a voice may be heard, saying, "this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

"Millions of money for one inch of time," cried Elizabeth, the gifted, but ambitious Queen of England, when upon her dying bed. Unhappy woman! reclining upon a royal couch, with ten thousand dresses in her wardrobe, a kingdom on which the sun never sets at her feet, all now are valueless, and she shrieks in anguish, and shrieks in vain, for a single inch of time. Like too many of us, she had so devoted them to wealth, to pleasure, to pride and ambition, that her whole preparation for eternity was crowded into her final moments: and hence she, who had wasted more than half a century, would barter millions for one inch of time." What a sad and awful illustration of the truth of my position, that sin is a hard master!

Again. Is the man of business free?

It is true he may prosper in his worldly concerns; every gale may seem propitious for the accumulation of wealth. His family may flourish around him. He looks forward a few years and imagines himself retired from business with a fullness of this world's goods, and his sons travelling the same prosperous road to wealth and to honor. But behold the scene is changed; death is commissioned to en

ter his dwelling, and take for his victim, it may be, an only daughter. The darling of his heart but yesterday was seated by his side, in health and strength, and now she sleeps the sleep of death. She shall not awake "till the heavens be no more."

Or it may be, while all around is peace and prosperity, the fires of remorse are kindling in his bosom; he even now feels the sting of the worm that never dies, and the scorchings of that fire that never shall be quenched.

"It is related that the honorable Francis Newport was favored with a religious education, afterwards became altogether careless of religion, and died in the following awful manner. At one time looking towards the fire, he said, "Oh! that I were to live and broil upon that fire for a thousand years, to purchase the favor of God, and be reconciled to Him again! but it is a fruitless, vain wish; millions of millions of years, will bring me no nearer the end of my tortures, than one poor hour. O, eternity! eternity! who can properly paraphrase upon the words—forever and ever?" In this kind of strain he went on, till his dissolution approached; when with a groan so dreadful, and loud, as if it had been more than human, he cried out, "Oh! the insufferable pangs of hell and damnation!" and so died.

Another person, who was a gay and thoughtless lover of the world, uttered the following, among other expressions in his dying hours: "O! that I had been wise, that I had known this, that I had considered my latter end. Death is knocking at my door. In a few hours more, I shall draw my last gasp; and then judgment, the tremendous judgment! How shall I appear, unprepared as I am

before the all-knowing and omnipotent God? How shall I endure the day of His coming? O! that holiness is the only thing I now long for. I would gladly part with all my estate, large as it is, or a world, to obtain it. Now my benighted eyes are enlightened. What is there in the place whither I am going, but God? Or what is there to be desired on earth, but religion? The day in which I should have worked is over and gone, and I see a horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness forever. Wo is me; heretofore when God called, I refused; when he invited, I was one of them that made excuse. Now I receive the reward of my deeds; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me; and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows! It doth not yet appear what I shall be; but sure I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed, with an everlasting destruction." Is the man of pleasure free? No, no; although he may feel himself safe and happy while his head is pillowed on the lap of sensual enjoyment, there are moments when, if he is not given over to hardness of heart, and blindness of mind, he feels that the house of the harlot is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.

The author of the "Night Thoughts," (Doctor Young,) describing the last hours of one who was once esteemed a man of pleasure, states, "refusing to hear anything from me, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence exclaimed, 'O time, time! it is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart. How art thou fled forever! A month! O for a single week! I ask not for years; though an age were too little for the much I have to do.' On my saying we could not do too much;

that heaven was a blessed place,—'So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'tis lost—Heaven is to me the severest part of hell!' Soon after I proposed prayer. 'Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray,—nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.' To a friend standing by, he said: 'Remorse for the past throws my thoughts on the future. Worse dread of the future strikes them back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flames; —that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire.' He afterwards exclaimed, 'O thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown.'"

Is the ambitious man more free? We will suppose him to have waded through rivers of blood to obtain among men the name of a mighty conqueror; is he satisfied? Let the confessions and violent deaths of many of the most successful warriors and renowned statesmen that have ever lived, answer the question. Said one of them when his competitor fell down dead at the canvass, "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue."

Men of no class or condition in life, while in an impenitent state, are free. Though sometimes the ways of irreligion may yield a short though guilty pleasure, yet often worldly delights are bitterness in the pursuit as well as in the end. "The sinner pursues them for happiness, and yet is not happy." A young friend who had long trifled with religion, thus to a near relation expressed her feelings: "'The wicked are like the troubled sea, they cannot rest;

and do I not daily experience the truth of this assertion? If my present course yielded me any pleasure, then my folly might be in some measure excusable, but it yields none; for the threatenings of God's word, the affectionate warnings of my parents, and the stings of my own conscience, continually conspire to blunt the edge of worldly enjoyments, and leave me indeed a miserable creature. Reflection I cannot bear. Oh, no! for then indeed I feel the agonies of a guilty, accusing conscience. I know, I feel that I shall never have a peaceful mind, never taste real bliss, till I from the heart give up the world; till I from the heart embrace real religion. I have drunk the cup of worldly pleasure, and for its amusements slighted my Saviour, and neglected my own soul. And what have I gained? Nothing—but I have drawn sighs from the hearts, and tears from the eyes of those whom it ought to be my study to render happy; offended God; done despite to the spirit of his grace; trampled on the blood of the Saviour, and undone my soul! And with a consciousness of this, can I ever be happy? No. I know by experience that the 'way of transgressors is hard.'"

The empire of evil in the soul, strengthens with age and indulgence. The sinner is ignorant of his situation. He does not consider that his "foot shall slide in due time." He hugs his chains; conscience remonstrates; the Spirit of God alarms his fears, as he did in the case of Belshazzar, and Judas and Felix; he trembles and struggles it may be for liberty and pardon, but in vain. The world has too many allurements; its friendships are too strong. Sin is a usurper. Ever since the fall it has had dominion over the children of men.

Secondly. The text reveals to us the reward, the wages of sin.

What may with perfect propriety be expected, and demanded, and what the Almighty who has declared himself to be the faithful and true witness, has most solemnly and unequivocally affirmed shall be the reward, is *death.* Death is a word of fearful import. In our text it refers to eternal punishment, as it is contrasted in the same verse with eternal life. "For the wages of sin is death. But the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

This however is not all. We experience the punishments of sin in this life, which are either inward, as blindness of mind, "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart."

A reprobate sense is another consequence of sin. Rom. i. &c. "And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient: being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful."

We also see men under strong delusion. 2 Thess. ii. 11. "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

Hardness of heart is another punishment God

inflicts in this life in consequence of sin. Rom. ii. 5. "But after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God."

Horror of conscience is another. Isa. xxxiii. 14. "The sinners in Zion are afraid: fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"

Or these punishments are outward; as the curse of God upon the creatures, for our sakes, and all other evils that befall the sons and daughters of men, in their bodies, names, estates, relations and employments. Shall I enumerate a few of these curses? Deut. xxviii. 15—20. "But it shall come to pass if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments, and his statutes which I command thee this day: that all these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee:

"Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field. Cursed shall be thy basket and thy store. Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy land; the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep. Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out."

Alas! how long and how broad is this curse Who can tell the import of this Scripture: "The wages of sin is death?" We have seen that it is connected with misery in this life. Sin is like Ezekiel's roll, written within and without, with weeping, lamentation and wo. Pain and sickness are its immediate results. A youth of excess and indulgence brings an old age of misery. Sin sows

the seeds of death. More lives are sacrificed to the pleasures and dissipations of sin, than in the field of battle. The drunkard, how he dies! The man of pleasure, and all the sons and daughters of dissipation, how they die! Every day's experience is a striking comment on the words of the text, "The wages of sin is death."

But in the world to come we are to look for a full reward of sin.

Let us look at the *nature*, *degree* and *duration* of this punishment or reward.

First. Departure from God, that is, from the comforting, supporting presence of God. Heaven is said to be the habitation of his holiness. There nothing unclean can enter. Blessed, forever blessed, are all they who shall be permitted to sing the "song of Moses and the Lamb." God's comforting, supporting presence is life, and his loving-kindness is better than life. To the Christian he is all in all. He is all his salvation, and all his desire. We may form some estimate of the happiness of Heaven, by the joys which Christians have experienced in this world, which have often been "unspeakable and full of glory." Said the Psalmist, when meditating on this subject, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth that I desire besides thee; my flesh and my heart fail me, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived the joys that are laid up for the righteous."

In this joy the finally impenitent cannot participate. From God and Heaven, they must forever *depart*. O dismal thought! Depart from the blessed Redeemer!—

"'Tis death, 'tis more;
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair."

Second'y. Another ingredient in the *nature* of this reward, is the endurance of God's wrath.

The impenitent sinner, if he could live in, and enjoy this world forever, would cheerfully resign to the Christian all the joys of that habitation not made with hands, "eternal in the heavens." But the idea of being banished far away from both worlds, where happiness is to be found, to await in darkness the decisions of the last great day, which will confirm all his fears, and deepen his despair is a thought too dreadful to be by him indulged. Annihilation, as appalling as the thought is to our souls, would no doubt to the wicked be a most desirable event. But this can never be. The soul of man is formed by its Creator for an endless state of existence; and whose heart is not appalled at the *possibility*, not to say certainty, of having the great God his declared and irreconcilable enemy? Trifling with this subject, fellow-sinner, is the height of madness: and indifference about it, is only a slight remove from utter despair. And yet there are those who laugh at the idea of an eternal hell, and employ all their ingenuity to explain away the numerous passages in the Bible that refer to this subject. The fact however exists: there is a *hell!* Tremendous thought! Appalling consideration And yet the mouth of the Lord hath declared there is an eternal *hell!* Fellow-men, be ye not mockers, lest your "bonds be made strong;" lest you be left to believe a lie that you may be damned.

The subject is too awful and solemn to admit of trifling. Listen all ye who are sowing to the flesh, while I say unto you in the name of the Lord God of Israel: that those who shall be assembled on the

left hand of the judgment-seat of Christ, shall be driven into hell, and endure most grievous torments in soul and body, without intermission to all eternity. "To a being endowed with a spirit which can never cease to exist, and who can live at most but a few years in the present world, the question, what is to be his future condition, is the most important question that can possibly be agitated. Will his condition after death be unchangeable? Will his probation be at an end when his present life shall cease? At the prospect of happiness he is filled with delightful anticipation, which makes existence a blessing, and causes the soul to exult in the possession of its powers and capacities. At the prospect of misery without relief and without end, an instinctive horror closes every avenue of pleasure, and the soul *loathes* its own existence, and would fain resign the possession of it. This, however, it cannot do. He who made us in his own image, made us immortal like himself; immortal in regard to the powers and faculties as well as the existence of the soul; the immortal subjects, therefore, of happiness or misery in the future state. If the Scriptures have not asserted the *endless* punishment of the wicked, neither have they asserted the *endless* happiness of the righteous, nor the endless glory and existence of the Godhead. The one is equally certain with the other: both are laid in the same balance; they must be tried by the same tests. And if we give up the one, we must, in order to be consistent, give up the other also."

The punishment of hell is expressed by sensible images. The Lord Jesus Christ often compares it to a "lake of fire and brimstone; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Saith the Psalmist, "Upon the wicked the Lord

shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a burning tempest, this shall be the portion of their cup." It is also called in Scripture, a "place of weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth." The idea of hell includes horror of conscience. There the soul will be writhing in torture, and agonizing in despair. Reflections on the past will fill the miserable spirit with the deepest sorrow. The calls of God's word, and the strivings of the Holy Spirit in time, will then be remembered. The reproofs of faithful ministers, and pious relatives, and the admonitions of conscience, will no longer be forgotten.

With what agony we may suppose the lost sinner will reflect upon the abuse of God's mercies in time. The contempt with which every thing like heart religion was treated; and the utter scorn and final rejection of the "Gospel of the blessed God."

With what agony will lost youth reflect upon the warnings, the entreaties, and the fervent prayers of a pious father or mother, when they together bowed around the family altar to ask God to pardon their sins, and prepare them for heaven! The midnight cry, "O Jesus, have mercy on my impenitent son; or my vain and thoughtless daughter," will be heard no more. The soul will turn and turn and find no relief.

> "Ah! must she look with terror on her gain,
> And with existence, only measure pain?
> What! no reprieve, no least indulgence given,
> No beam of hope from any point of heaven?"

"How dreadful a change is this for the careless sinner! Here he has many comforts, and what he esteems pleasures; there, not one. Here, tender friends are his companions by day: the most dis-

tressed have something remaining to lessen their wretchedness; but there human kindness cannot enter, and devils cannot love. There is nothing to give, even once in ten thousand years, a momentary pleasure. No ease to mingle with a sea of misery. Misery will reign in every heart; despair will scowl on every face; rage, anguish, and remorse distract every soul. To the "fire that never shall be quenched," is added the worm that will never die. The lost sinner will feel a hell within as well as a hell without. Infernal passions, like so many vultures, will tear his wretched soul. O, sirs, do you imagine what misery will spring from this source? Some unhappy creatures even in this world, have seemed to be lively images of what lost souls must be forever. A statement to the following effect appeared in 1797, in the New York Theological Magazine: "A young man who had some serious impressions, but who hardened himself in sin, declared, that after that time when God seems to have forsaken him, his heart became as hard as adamant—his enmity against God increased to a great degree. He did not feel one desire to ask or receive mercy, or the least favor from God. He never reflected on the divine character, but his heart rose in the most violent opposition. 'Whenever,' said he, 'I reflect that God is almighty, just, and holy—that I am dependent on him—that he can and will do with me what he pleases, my heart burns with rage and fury, and had I the power, I would execute vengeance upon the Almighty.' He then said to a number under religious impressions, 'I have heard you relate the feelings of your hearts, and you appear to have some sense of your wickedness; but if enmity of heart against God is wickedness, and that it is I am fully con-

vinced, though I wish to believe the contrary, your present sense is nothing compared with the fountain of iniquity within. I know if all men's hearts are alike, you would dethrone the Almighty if you had power. Had I an omnipotent arm, Heaven would soon be stormed, and God be cast headlong from his throne.' 'I have no peace,' said he, 'day or night; my torment is as great seemingly as I can endure. God is constantly in my view, and my heart is constantly burning with rage and fury.' His eyes, his countenance, his air expressed the same feelings with his words. Nothing said, availed anything unless to increase his rage and enmity. He had, says the writer, as it appeared to me, the most clear and lively sense of the wickedness of the human heart—of the divine character—of the creature's dependence—and the nature of future torments, of any person with whom I was ever acquainted. His distress was sometimes so great, that he would lie down and roll upon the floor; groan like a man exercised with excruciating pain; and cry, 'O! that I could banish from my mind all thoughts of God forever and ever!' At one time he travelled barefoot in the night, twelve miles in a deep snow, and gave as a reason for his conduct, that bodily pain was the only means by which he could divert his mind from those objects which gave him greater distress; he therefore did it to mitigate his distress." Oh dreadful condition! Oh miserable end of a life of sin. And yet the greater misery is to come. Words cannot describe, nor imagination ever conceive what will be the remorse of such a soul in the eternal world. There will the sinner discern for what he lost the fair inheritance of heaven; and for what poor trifles he sunk his soul to hell. Then will he know what base pleasures of a moment

he preferred, to eternal life and eternal glory. Oh, how will it wound his soul to think of grace refused, and Christ neglected! Oh, while he blasphemes his God, how will he curse his own self-destroying folly, in choosing the way to hell instead of that to heaven, and sin instead of religion. How bitter now will be the remembrance of sabbaths wasted! of mercy rejected! of the calls to which he would not hearken, and the admonitions he would not regard! "Is this the hell," may the unhappy creature say, "that I was choosing when I turned a deaf ear to the advice of God? Is this eternal flame the end of all my pleasures? Is even this damnation my own choice? Ah! why have some whom I once knew risen to glory? They were not born the heirs of heaven any more than I. Like me they *were* the children of wrath. Why are they admitted and I shut out? Why are they happy and I miserable? They in heaven, and I in hell? Ah! they listened to the Saviour's voice, and I hearkened not. They turned to God, and I refused to turn. They were wise, and I distracted; now they are blessed and I undone. Wretched creature! and have I sold my soul for a moment's base delight? Have I valued eternal glories at so little a price? Have I preferred the world and the devil to a compassionate Saviour and a gracious God? Alas! I have. Wo is me! all is lost! My soul is lost! and damnation with all its horrors, must be mine to all eternity."

Again. Hell is represented in the Bible as a dismally dark place, where there is nothing but grief, sadness, vexation, rage, despair, and gnashing of teeth. "The wretched inhabitants of those regions will know all around them, to be enemies and deceivers! Amid the vast multitude, not an

individual will be found, possessed either of natural affection, or benevolence or sincerity. Selfishness, supreme and absolute, repels every thing, and attracts nothing. This probably will be one of the most painful and wearisome, among all the ingredients of future wo.

"A rational mind instinctively looks to some object, on which it may rest in its journeys through the vast track of duration. How oppressive must it be to such a mind, to roam in its thoughts through immensity, and to wander down the vale of eternity, and find no friend, no being on whom this affection may be placed! The miserable inhabitants of hell have no God, no Saviour, no virtuous friends, no parents, no relatives, before whom they may spread their calamities, with the hope of being heard, or in whose hearts or hands they may find a refuge from the bitterness of wo. Thus, while the inhabitant of that melancholy world looks around him; when he casts his eyes abroad through the universe; he will be forced to perceive that it contains no friend to him. In the midst of millions he is alone; and is sure of being loathed, rejected, and shunned by every being in the creation of God. Not a sigh can he breathe, not a tear can he shed; not a sorrow can he unfold; not a prayer can he utter, with a hope of being befriended, heard, or regarded. In addition to all this, if he extend his view through eternity, he will find as he passes onward from day to day, and from age to age, no change for the better. All around him will be gloom and solitude; all before him will be desolation, anguish and despair."

Such is the *nature* of future punishment. Such are the "wages of sin." But after all that can be said of the *nature* of this reward, there can be no

doubt the description given, comes far short of the reality. Enough however has been said, must we not hope, to induce impenitent persons who may read this sermon, to "flee from the wrath to come," and to "lay hold of the hope set before them in the Gospel?"

Are you resolved, fellow-sinner, any longer to "cast off fear and restrain prayer before God," and in this way to "treasure up wrath against the day of wrath?" I beseech you once more to make a solemn pause, before you go one step farther in this downward road to death. "Escape for your life;" there is no time for delay: the seeds of disease within you, may even now be ripening you for the grave; or, if you continue much longer in this secure state God may leave you to walk in your own way and choose your own diversions. Are you determined, however, to run the fearful risk? Are you resolved, "O young man, to rejoice in your youth; to suffer your heart to cheer you in the days of your youth, and to walk in the way of your heart, and in the sight of your eyes;" then "know thou that for all these things God will bring *thee* into judgment." "Pursue, if you will, whatever course inclination suggests to thee. Trouble not thyself with serious reflections, or with anticipations; but yield to present impulses, and spend a merry life. Give thyself no concern about what will please God, please thyself; withhold not thy heart from any joy; follow the tide of thy passions. Give thy youthful desires their full measure of gratification; hurry away from one scene to another of dissipating and riotous mirth; make as much of the world as you can; resist the strivings of the Holy Spirit; stifle the convictions of conscience; disregard the entreaties of your best friends, live a

few more precious days of grace in forgetfulness of your Creator, but remember that judgment and eternity are before you."

If after all however you are resolved on your own way; sit down and deliberately commit your resolutions to writing, in language something like the following: I am resolved no longer to give myself the least uneasiness respecting my future destiny. This present world shall occupy all my attention; and as it is the common lot of man to die, when my time shall come, I will endeavor to support the trial with fortitude, and die like a man and a philosopher.

Ah! how many there are who have not sufficient resolution to sign an instrument of this kind, that live, and will probably die, in a state of entire indifference of eternal things. My most fervent prayer to the Lord Jesus Christ, is that such may awake before the darkness of the second death shall blot out every hope of heaven.

Secondly. I promised to say something on the *degree* of this eternal reward.

Some persons are capable of suffering much more in this world than others; so it will be in the world of wo. No quarters in hell will be tolerable; yet we are told by the Saviour that it "shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah at the day of judgment, than for the cities where he preached and wrought mighty works." Those who perish from under the light of the Gospel, will have a heavier doom than those who did not hear the Gospel. The sin of rejecting Christ and his salvation, is of all other, the most heinous in the sight of God, and will sink the sinner into the bottomless pit.

There are multitudes in every Christian land,

and in Christian churches, doubtless, having the form of godliness, and the outward appearance of piety, who are nevertheless at heart opposed to all serious worship, and must, if they die in the same state, experience a heavier doom in eternity than the vile and profligate, who are comparatively ignorant of the way of life.

The orphan boy that has no one to care for his soul, who has lived without the enjoyment of the means of grace; who has seldom had an opportunity to attend church or the sabbath school, or to hear a missionary talk or pray; dying in his sins, will indeed lose his soul, but he will not suffer like the youth who has a Christian father or mother to pray with and for him, and teach him his duty to God and to himself, but who despises their instructions, leads a wicked, profane life and dies under the curse of the Lord. The greater the light the more aggravated the condemnation. The stronger the conviction of duty, if that duty is neglected, the more aggravated the sin.

Thirdly. Let us in conclusion reflect upon the *duration* of this reward.

On this subject we must go to the Bible for instruction. We have no means of knowing what is to be our condition in eternity, except as God shall see fit to make it known to us. And what do we learn from the sacred Scriptures in reference to the future existence of the wicked? Has that Holy Book disclosed any method of future relief? I repeat what has been before asserted in another part of this book, that "on this subject of unspeakable and everlasting moment, of tremendous interest, there is not *one* assertion, one *word* even in all the book of God, which, when construed by the usual laws of language, can afford a gleam of hope."

There is not a sentence in the Scriptures which asserts or gives any countenance to the idea, that the means of grace—the preaching of the Gospel—or the influence of the Holy Spirit will be enjoyed in hell. "All the warnings and exhortations which the Bible contains go upon the ground of men's *present* state of trial being their *final* and decisive one." The natural, the only conclusion therefore, is that the punishment of the wicked in another world is to be *eternal.*

My soul shudders at their prospects: my spirit is overwhelmed at the thought of

"Misery, without relief, and infinite."

And yet it is written, "these shall go away into everlasting punishment." "Eternity, eternity! this completes the sinner's misery." Dear reader, if you should sink to hell, you will know when too late that from it there is no escape. "You *may* forget how fast eternity comes, but you will never forget how slow it goes."

What images can I employ to give you an idea of eternity. Imagine if you can the length of that night where no sun darts his rays, no moon rises, no stars twinkle; the blackness of darkness *forever* and *ever!* Compute ages upon ages till numbers fail; then with more than an angel's power, continue to swell the mighty aggregate of years; is it eternity? Ask the sufferer in the most dismal dungeon the length of the night. Ask the tempest-tost mariner who is surrounded by the darkness of midnight, how slow time moves; alas! all this is but a prelude to hell. O eternity! eternity! what art thou? or rather, what art thou not?

Candidates for an eternity of wo! before you launch into it, take one deep and solemn view of

that "fire that never shall be quenched, and the worm in the midst thereof that never dies." Behold the sufferer reaping the wages of sin: "venting unavailing cries to a devouring flame, and pouring out bitter complaints to an unpitying dungeon." What would be their sensations if they could have another opportunity of repentance, another day of grace proclaimed by their Judge? "But no day of grace will ever return to them. Season will hasten after season, and age roll on after age, the melancholy round of darkness and despair, and not a ray of hope glimmer through the cheerless void to revive the wearied and the dying eye."

Yes, impenitent candidates for eternity, though you may be disposed to disbelieve the Scriptural account of *hell*, which is called "the wrath to come;" yet as certainly as God lives: as certainly as He is true to his word of threatening, this wrath will come upon the world of the ungodly. All the united force of the rebellious part of creation, will not be able to prevent it. "It is wrath to come, for it is still coming and approaching." It is "wrath to come," because it is always coming and never past. "The tide of God's wrath on the damned, is an eternal *flood*, there will never be an *ebbing*." How terrible then will be the doom of unbelievers, and of all who die in their sins!

Follow in imagination the soul of a lost sinner to the world of wo, and hear what we might naturally suppose would be its reflections:

"Helpless, I sink into the dark abyss,
Banished for ever from eternal bliss;
In boiling waves of vengeance must I lie?
O could I curse this dreadful God and die
Infinite years, in torment must I spend,
And never, never, never at an end?

Ah! must I live in torturing despair,
As many years as atoms in the air?
When these are spent as many thousand more,
As grains of sand that crowd the ebbing shore?
When these are done, as many yet behind,
As leaves of forest shaken with the wind?
When these are gone as many to ensue,
As stems of grass on hills and dales that grew?
When these run out, as many on the march,
As starry lamps that gild the spangled arch?
When these expire, as many millions more,
As moments in the millions past before?
When, all these doleful years are spent in pain,
And multiplied by myriads again,
Till numbers drown the thought; could I suppose,
That then my wretched years were at a close,
This would afford some ease; but, ah, I shiver,
To think upon the dreadful sound, forever;
The burning gulph, where I blaspheming lie,
Is time no more, but vast eternity.
The growing torment I endure for sin,
Through ages all, is always to begin.
How did I but a grain of pleasure sow,
To reap an harvest of immortal wo?
Bound to the bottom of the burning main,
Gnawing my chains, I wish for death in vain.
Just doom! since I that bear the eternal load,
Despised the death of an eternal God."

Think of this all ye that forget God, "lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." Turn to the Lord with all your heart, with fasting, with weeping and with mourning. For he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil; who knoweth if he turn and repent, and leave a blessing behind him. *Amen.*

THE SOUL.

READER, let this thought be deeply impressed upon your mind, "I am immortal." Yes, whether you think of it or not, you *are* immortal. Your soul is not destined to sport and trifle for a few brief years, and then to expire forever. It is endowed with vast, yea, with inconceivable powers, not to be satisfied with any thing this world can give. You cannot annihilate the soul. You cannot fall into an eternal sleep. You cannot be lost among the innumerable multitudes which shall rise from the dead and stand around your tomb. No matter can crush, no fire destroy, no floods overwhelm this indestructible Spirit. No created being can number the ages of its eternity. When you have exhausted the powers of calculation in enumerating its myriads of years, you have but told the commencement of the soul's existence. You may banish serious reflections, but you are immortal still. You may plunge into licentiousness, but you cannot plunge into oblivion. You may *degrade* your nature, but you cannot *destroy* it.

As it regards your own personal salvation, you may place an extinguisher upon the light of the Gospel, so that it will produce no transforming influence upon your mind. You may stifle conscience, you may sin away time: but you may not, you *cannot* sin away your immortality. This earth then is not to be your resting place, your final home. All that constitutes the grandeur of the soul is interrupted and contracted in this vain world. We may enjoy, but our enjoyments are limited and partial. We can suffer but our suffer-

ings are bounded. A little season; a very little season, which is shaping our destinies forever,—shall pass away to open a range of immensity and infinity for the exercise of our capacities. We are to become the companions of God, or we are to become outcasts from God, and from all good; looking, and longing and praying for some alleviation of suffering; for some pause in this career of wo. Such is the soul of man! such are its capacities, and such is its destiny! such reader is *your* soul! shall it be saved, or lost? Shall it sing the "song of Moses and the Lamb," or shall it weep and wail forever?

The duration of our souls will run on from its first commencement, in parallel lines with the existence of God, our Saviour. What an inheritance is this entailed upon the child of dust, the creature of yesterday! Here let us pause,—make a stand,—and take a survey of this majestic prospect! This body must soon moulder into dust, but the soul, as we have seen, will live unhurt, untouched, amid all the dissolving struggles and convulsions of animal nature. "These heavens shall pass away with a great noise; these elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth, and the things that are therein shall be burnt up;" but this soul shall live secure of existence in the universal desolation:

> "Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

"And now when the present system of things is dissolved, and time shall be no more, eternity, boundless eternity, succeeds; and on this the soul enters as on its proper hereditary duration. Now look forward as far as you will, your eyes meet with no obstruction, with nothing but the immen

sity of the prospect: in that, indeed, it is lost, as extending infinitely beyond its view. Come, fellow men, attempt this arithmetic of infinites, and exhaust the power of numbers; let millions of millions of ages begin the vast computation; multiply these by the stars of heaven; by the particles of dust in this huge globe of earth; by the drops of water in all the vast oceans, rivers, lakes, and springs that are spread over the globe; by all the thoughts that have risen in so quick a succession in the minds of men and angels, from their first creation to this day; and make this computation, and then look forward through this long line of duration, and contemplate your future selves; still you see yourselves in existence, still the same persons; still endowed with the same consciousness, and the same capacities for happiness or misery, but vastly enlarged; as much superior to the present as the capacities of an adult to those of a new-born infant. Still you will bloom in immortal youth, and are as far from an end as in the first moment of your existence. O, sirs, methinks it may startle us to view our future selves so changed, so improved, removed into such different regions, associated with such strange unacquainted beings, and fixed in such different circumstances of glory or terror, of happiness or misery."

"Men of great projects and sanguine hopes are apt to sit and pause, and take an imaginary survey of what they will do, and what they will be in the progress of life. But then death, like an apparition, starts up before them, and threatens to cut them off in the midst of their pursuit. But here no death threatens to extinguish your being, or snap the thread of your existence; but it runs on in one continued everlasting tenor. What a vast

inheritance is this, unalienably entailed upon every child of Adam! What importance, what value, does this consideration give to that neglected thing, the soul! What an awful being is it? immortality! What emphasis, what grandeur in the sound! Immortality is so vast an attribute, that it adds a kind of infinity to any thing to which it is annexed, however insignificant in other respects: and on the other hand, the want of this would degrade the most exalted being into a trifle. The highest angel, if the creature of a day, or of a thousand years, what would he be? A fading flower, a vanishing vapor, a flying shadow. When his day, or his thousand years are past, he is as truly nothing, as if he had never been. It is little matter what becomes of him; let him stand or fall, let him be happy or miserable, it is just the same in a little while; he is gone, and there is no more of him, no trace of him is left. But an immortal, a creature that shall never, never, never cease to be! that shall expand his capacities of action, of pleasure, or of pain, through an everlasting duration! what an awful important being is this! And is my soul, this little spark of reason in my breast, is that such a being? I tremble at myself. I revere my own dignity, and am struck with a kind of pleasing horror to view what I must be. And is there any thing so worthy of the care of such a being as the happiness, the everlasting happiness of my immortal part? What is it to me, who am formed for an endless duration, what I enjoy, or what I must suffer in this vanishing state? Seventy or eighty years bear not the least imaginable proportion to the duration of such a being; they are too inconsiderable a point to be seen, mere ciphers in the computation! And what shall become of me through

this immortal duration? This, and this only, is the grand concern of an immortal: and in comparison of it, it does not deserve one thought what will become of me while in this vanishing phantom of a world. For consider, your immortality will not be a state of insensibility, without pleasure or pain; you will not draw out an useless, inactive existence in an eternal stupor, or a dead sleep. But your souls will be active as long as they exist, and as I have repeatedly observed, still retain all their capacities; nay, their capacities will perpetually enlarge with an eternal growth, and forever tower from glory to glory in heaven, or plunge from depth to depth in hell. Here then, my fellow-immortals! here pause and say to yourselves, "What is like to become of my soul through this long space, forever? Is it likely to be happy or miserable?" What though you are now rich, honorable, healthy, merry and gay? Alas! terrestrial enjoyments are not proper food for an immortal soul; and besides, they are not immortal, as your souls are.

If these are your portion, what will you do for happiness millions of ages hence, when all these are fled away like a vapor? Are you provided with a happiness which will last as long as your souls will live to crave it? Have you an interest in God? Are you prepared for the fruition of the heavenly state? Do you delight in God above all? Have you a relish for the refined pleasures of religion? Is the supreme good the principal object of your desire? Do you now accustom yourselves to the service of God, the great employment of heaven? and are you preparing yourselves for the more exalted devotion of the church on high, by a serious attendance on the humbler forms of worship

in the church on earth? Are you made pure in heart and life, that you may be prepared for the regions of untainted holiness, to breathe in that pure air, and live in that climate so warm with the love of God, and so near the sun of righteousness? Do not some of you know that this is not your prevailing character? And what then do you think will become of you without a speedy alteration in your temper and conduct? Alas! must your immortality become your eternal curse? Have you made it your interest that you should be a brute? that is, that you should perish entirely, and your whole being be extinguished in death? Then it is no wonder you strive to disbelieve the doctrine of a future state, and your own immortality. But, alas! in vain is the strife. The principles of atheism and infidelity may lull your consciences into a stupid repose, for a little while, but they cannot annihilate you. They may lead you to live like beasts, but they cannot enable you to die like beasts. No, you must live; live to suffer righteous punishment, whether you will or not. As you did not come into being by your own consent, so neither can you lay down your being when you please. And will you not labor to make immortality a blessing? Is there any thing in this world that can be a temptation to you to forfeit such an immense blessing? O that you were wise, that you would consider this!

"It is impossible to use words strong enough to express the *worth* of the soul. Such is its value that a glorious end were answered, if the earth and skies were maintained in being for ten thousand ages, merely to ripen one soul for immortality and heaven; and the labor of myriads of men and angels, through ten thousand thousand years, would be well employed, in directing one lost soul to a

Redeemer. One of our poets, when glancing at the starry firmament, and comparing its glories with the soul, remarks with not more fervor than truth :

"Survey that midnight glory! Worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! Redouble that amaze!
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more,
Then weigh the whole; *one soul* outweighs them all;
And calls the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation *poor*."

Another poet, with equal truth and beauty, says:

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

Fellow immortals, "a few years will finish all your delights and hopes, and fears, below; then will your souls be fixed where they must live forever. While you read or hear these lines, the souls of millions are encountering all the sorrows, or are gladdened with all the joys of an endless world. For ages have the bodies of many of them been turned to dust; but they all live in eternity, though forgotten here; soon will the time come, when you must meet this solemn change of being; when you must converse with man no more, but must become a companion of angels or of devils. And, O, what is the worth of a soul! that may through endless ages shine in heaven; or which, covered with darkness, misery and despair, must become a devil in that lake of fire, where the fire never shall be quenched! O! in pity to your own precious and immortal souls, embrace, without delay, the Gospel of your God."

The worth of the soul is a subject on which

men of all descriptions have agreed; on which the best and wisest have had their testimony confirmed, by the most careless and the worst. Martyrs have shown their sense of its value, by all their sufferings to secure its salvation. For this, thousands, as sensible as you of the comforts of life, have willingly forsaken kindred, country, friends and ease; have been tortured on racks, or devoured by beasts of prey; been burned alive, or suffered torments far more intolerable than burning! Impressed with the worth of the soul, many, with these dark scenes before them, have bid farewell to all the allurements of the world, to meet the roughest storms of persecution, face its dangers and sink into the grave beneath them. Does one of all these martyred myriads repent? Does one now imagine that he suffered more than salvation is worth? Ah, no, if they could now address you, they might tell you, that sooner than lose the soul, they would burn in flames a thousand times hotter; suffer torments a thousand times more protracted; prisons a thousand times more dismal; and meet death in forms, if possible, a thousand times more terrible. And was it worth their while to endure so much to reach heaven; and is it not worth yours, in earnestness, to seek admittance there? Say to the dying Christian,—You are in those circumstances which enable you to view this world and the next aright, what should I mind? He, in purport, would reply, "Take care of your soul." A dying saint, (Richard Baxter,) said to some friends that visited him, "you come hither to learn to die. I can assure you that your whole life, be it ever so long, is little enough to prepare for death. Have a care of this vain deceitful world, and the lusts of the flesh. Be sure you choose God for your portion; heaven for

your home; God's glory for your end; His word for your rule, and then you need never fear but we shall meet with comfort." Or ask the dying profligate, he who treated all religion as a dream, and the soul as a trifle, say to him, "what shall I chiefly mind?" and would he not reply, "take care of your soul, and avoid my folly, for I have ruined mine." One unhappy man, who had lived in wealth and splendor, but had trifled with eternal things, a short time before death, said, "I had provided in the course of my life, for everything except death, and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared." Another, who was eminent for his wisdom and learning, but who had been negligent of the great salvation, said, "It is lamentable, that men consider not for what they are born into the world, till they are ready to go out of it." Another who was distinguished for his talents, his ambition, and his success in gaining worldly honors, not long before his death cried out, "O, my poor soul, what will become of thee? whither wilt thou go?"

Fellow-immortal! have you never been in that situation, in which the world appeared a dream, a cheat, a nothing? Have you never lain upon the bed of sickness, and passed wearisome days and sleepless nights of languor or of pain? Have you never been in such circumstances as to expect that a few days or weeks would end your mortal course, fix your body in the grave, and your soul in eternity? and have you forgot what were then your views and feelings? Did the world appear as enchanting to you then, as it does now? Did the soul and its salvation then seem a thing of little moment? Rather did not the world seem vanity of vanities? Were you now on a bed of sickness or languishing, and

dying, would not these be your views? And must not you, ere long, be in such a situation? And will you not then confess, that the only thing that deserves your care is the immortal soul? O, why neglect it, when you might secure its salvation? Why put off entering the way of life, till that way is shut forever?

Again. Reflect on the interest taken in the welfare of your soul by those who are best acquainted with its worth. Angels, those blessed spirits, to whom all the glory of this world would seem a contemptible dream, are not uninterested where the soul is concerned. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Sent by their Creator on errands of kindness, they descend to earth, and attend the soul in its progress towards heaven: and when its pilgrimage is concluded, become its convoy to the abodes of blessedness.

"But it is not merely the inferior though glorious inhabitants of heaven, whose conduct testifies the worth of the soul. God, the great and everblessed God, has so loved the world, as to give his only-begotten Son, to be a ransom for the ruined souls of men; and Jesus Christ, the brightness of his Father's glory, has suffered and died to redeem immortal souls from death. Behold the earth, the moon, the sun, the stars, and all the wonders of creation; and then consider that for that soul, which you have probably neglected, yet for that neglected soul, the Creator of this splendid train became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. O learn, dear sir, the worth of your immortal spirit, from what passed on Calvary in its behalf! See the God of glory resigning his best-beloved to unbridled fury, stripes, and death; to the torturing

cross, the bloody spear, and the dismal grave! See the patient Son of God, patient amidst enemies foaming with rage and breathing out cruelty; see him there accomplishing what none but he could perform, and bearing a load of human guilt and sorrow, more vast and dreadful than any tongue can tell. See this, and learn the value of your soul more strongly than a whole creation could represent it to you. O, that I could, with the arnestness of a dying man, urge upon you the worth of a soul ransomed by such a price! A soul lost is more than a world destroyed. Compared with this loss, the destruction of this vast world will be a trifle. Never did its Creator assume human nature, and die for its preservation from the final flames; but O, a spirit, an immortal spirit, a spirit for which Jesus died, if this is lost, what ruin, what misery is this! You gaze upon a dying world, and engaged with its trifles, perhaps forget the immortal visitant within, forget that you have a soul which shall outlive the grasp of death, the bounds of time; but, O, forget its worth no more. Well might you wonder that such a treasure should inhabit a little piece of breathing clay. And can it be to you a matter of little moment, whether your immortal soul be saved or lost? Can you treat this as a thing of small importance, when the great God has stooped so low, and resigned so much, to open for you a way to happiness. He has withheld nothing that was needed to save you. No higher, nobler gift did heaven itself contain, than what he gave. Can you, will you any longer treat that salvation with indifference, which the Son of God freely offers you, and which he purchased for you at the expense of his throne, his happiness, and his life? O! danger, very, very, very dreadful, from

which such a Saviour came to relieve us! O blessed, blessed salvation, which was obtained at so dear a rate! O precious, invaluably precious souls, for which such a price was paid! Such a soul is yours, you have one, for which the Son of God in torture died, and heaven lost its bright inhabitant. Such is the value which God has set upon your soul. But dear impenitent, dying man, dying youth, how have *you* valued it? Perhaps, if poor, you have labored earnestly for to-morrow's bread, but never spent an hour's care on your immortal soul; or, perhaps, if in easier circumstances, you have followed dress, gaiety and pleasure, careless what became of your soul in that dreadful eternity, to which it hastes. O, act this wretched part no longer; but now make the service of God your choice!

"As thus, in the most affecting manner, the Father and the Son have declared the value of the soul, so also, learn the same from all which the blessed Spirit does for the salvation of sinful men. He strives with them. It is by his light that they discern the Father and the Son. Has not he exerted his power in your hearts? Have not you felt those convictions of sin and folly, those devout impressions, and salutary desires, which really came from above? Has not the still small voice within, as it were, said to you, 'turn to God; forsake the world, your ways lead to misery, they will be bitterness in the end; trust in Christ and be happy.' Have not you banished the warnings, and quenched the holy thoughts and desires, thus given you from above? Has not your conscience been alarmed, and these impressions repeated again and again? Why does the blessed Spirit thus strive with you? Why did he not take your first refusal, and leave you forever? Why has he followed you with these

salutary warnings? Why has the Holy Spirit bestowed all this care on a poor, thoughtless, ungrateful creature, whose heart has been shut against his gentle influences? Why, my dear friend, but because he wishes you well forever? God would not have you perish. Shall angels, shall the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all, all be filled with concern for the welfare of your soul, and will you slight that soul yourself?

"If, to all this evidence of the worth of your soul, I add one more, it shall be, that even the malice of devils may teach you the value of your soul. You are taught in the word of God, that Satan walketh about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. You are assured that he comes and takes away the seed sown in the careless heart; and that we have to wrestle with the rulers of the darkness of this world. The word of God represents his power as great; his influence is extensive; his devices are many. Some he tempts to presumption, others to despair; and in a thousand different ways strives to keep the sons of men fast in his hellish chains. But though the devil is a fallen and infernal spirit, you have no reason to doubt that he was once of an exalted rank. He knows what heaven is, for he has lost it; he knows what immortality is, for he is doomed to it; and his artifices, his assaults, his watchfulness, his activity, in the dreadful work of destruction, prove how highly he values the immortal soul. It is a prize which he thinks worth his care and labor. Though the sinner may be negligent and slothful, in seeking the salvation of his soul, Satan is watchful and diligent in seeking its destruction."

A prayer, imploring a deeper sense of the value of the soul, with a devout committal of it to the Saviour's care:

"O thou Almighty Father of spirits, by thee this curious mortal frame of mine was formed, and from thee my immortal spirit came. I know, O Lord, that it is appointed unto all men once to die; and I, ere long, must sink beneath the stroke of death. These hands will forget to labor. These eyes will need the cheering light of day no more. This tongue will be silent. This heart will be filled with fear or love no longer. But, O, my God! that soul which thou hast made the tenant of this dying frame, must defy the power of death; must spring forward into new and unknown scenes; must behold the glories or terrors of the invisible world; while eternity, vast, boundless, joyful or dreadful eternity, becomes the only limit of my suffering or happiness. With this prospect before me, let me prize my soul as a treasure, compared with which all the treasures of a thousand worlds were emptier than a bauble and lighter than vanity. O, let me feel its worth as I shall do on the bed of death! O, let me know its value as they have done, who gladly bore prisons, and flames, and martyrdom, in every dreadful form, that they might but keep their immortal spirits safe beneath their Redeemer's care; and who thought all their sorrows well repaid, by landing on the peaceful shore of heaven! O, let me feel the value of my immortal soul, as they have done who have trifled with theirs till their day of grace was gone, and who then, in confusion, and agony, and horror, bewailed their dreadful sin! Lord, may I learn from the joyful or sad experience of others, not to slight thy love!

Thou hast cared for my eternal welfare, and thought no sacrifice too costly when the happiness of my immortal soul was at stake. Let endless praise be paid thee for thy condescending kindness, praises as lasting and as fervent as thy love. Bless the Lord, O my soul, who redeemed *thy* life from destruction. And now, O Lord, may thy Holy Spirit, whose grace I have so often resisted, whose teachings I have so often slighted, may he possess this soul of mine, and make it a temple worthy of himself. Shed abroad thy sanctifying influences upon me, implant thy grace within me, and train up my deathless soul for that holy and happy world where I shall never be tainted with sin, or feel pain or sorrow more.

Blessed Jesus, thou hast died to set my spirit free from condemnation to eternal death. And take this precious jewel, and keep it safe beneath thy tender care. I cannot guard it from its ravenous foes. They seek its destruction; but, Almighty Saviour, they cannot tear the soul away that is lodged within thy protecting arms. To thee would I commit mine. It is the purchase of thy blood! and thou wilt keep what I commit unto thee. Guard my soul from every foe, while I am a pilgrim here; and, in my departing hour, may I see heaven opened, and expire with the dying prayer of thy martyr on my lips, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." *Amen.*

THE SOUL.

What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?—
That which was lost in paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.

And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

THE DOCTRINES AND PRECEPTS OF THE BIBLE

DEMAND THE CORDIAL RECEPTION OF ALL TO WHOM THEY ARE PUBLISHED.

"EVERY one of those, who hear me," (said Dr. Dwight, at the close of a sermon from Proverbs viii. 6—"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things;") "is a creature of God, an accountable creature, an immortal creature. Every one is bound to the grave, and the judgment. Every one is a candidate for heaven, or hell. To every one life is a day of trial. On your conduct in this life, is suspended your destiny in that which is to come."

All of you, also, are sinners. You have offended God. You have broken his most holy law, times innumerable, with a bold hand, a hard heart, and a

blind mind By that law you are condemned, and cannot be justified.

Your sins, also, are gross and dreadful; not perhaps scandalous, and such as cover you with infamy; but such as have been committed in the meridian day of the Gospel, against the distastes of an enlightened conscience, against blessings of high moment, daily and hourly renewed. Ignorance of your Lord's will you cannot plead, for you have known it from early life. Leisure for understanding it, books, instructions, motives, have been supplied to you with a munificent hand. Your allotments in life have been mercifully distributed by the great benefactor. He has called to you with a voice of unspeakable kindness. He has charmed you with continual testimonies of parental love. In these circumstances, and amid so many inducements to hear, and to obey, the Saviour of mankind has placed himself directly before your eyes, suspended on the cross, and expiring in agonies, to atone for your sins, and to reconcile you to God. He has offered to you himself, and all his blessings; and of you he has required nothing, but cordially to receive him. Instead of listening, there is but too melancholy reasons to believe, you have turned a deaf ear, and a blind eye, to all that he has said, and done. He has called, but you have refused. To what has he called you? To purification from sin, to forgiveness, to sanctification, to the attainment of the everlasting love of God, to the possession of heaven, to the blessings of immortal life.

But he knew, that your hearts were harder than the nether mill-stone. He therefore sent his Holy and good Spirit into the world, to enlighten your minds; to convince you of your guilt and danger

and to unfold to you the divine excellence of the Redeemer; and by the renovation of your hearts to persuade you to embrace him, as he is offered to you in the Gospel. A thousand times has this glorious agent awakened in your minds a solemn sense of their worth and their immortality; led you to serious reflections on your guilt, excited in you alarming apprehensions concerning death, and the judgment; and prompted you to sober resolutions of repentance, and reformation.

All these benevolent efforts you have resisted. All the grace of the Gospel, all the benevolent offers which Christ has made you, all his merciful invitations and promises, you have rejected. On his cross you have cast contempt. To his character you have been hostile. You have *grieved the Spirit of his grace.* You have *wronged your own souls.*

Still you are bound to eternity. You must die; you will be judged; you will be *rewarded according to your works.* "Consider this, ye that forget God; lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver."

In this solemn, this exposed situation, immeasurably interesting to every one of you, what measures will you take? Remember, that, whatever you may think proper to do, God will take his own measures. You may wish, that he would do otherwise. You may hope, you may believe, you may determine, that he will bend his purposes, so as to make them more palatable to you. Under this determination, and with these hopes, you may feel yourselves safe; and say, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." The providence of your Maker, whatever you may wish, or believe, will move on uninterruptedly, and immutably, to the accomplish-

ment of every one of his purposes; and of these, which respect your salvation, and your perdition, as truly as any other. When you come to the regions of wo; with what anguish will you look back upon your present life, and wish, that you had now listened to the call of mercy, that you had been roused from this *sleep* of death, and obtained life from the hands of the Saviour! It is not necessary, that every man should be learned in theology. But it is necessary that every man should be a Christian. The souls of the learned and the unlearned, are alike immortal; and are alike destined to endless happiness, or endless misery. How will you acquire this glorious blessing, and escape this absolute ruin? There is but one path, which has hitherto conducted; there is but one path, which will ever conduct mankind to eternal life. This has been pointed out by the finger of God, and was never discovered by human philosophy. The cell of infidel philosophy is dug beneath the ground; is dark, cold, and comfortless, and was never visited by the sunshine of heaven. The miserable rush-light which glimmers along its walls, scarcely enables this goddess of man's creation, to distinguish her own footsteps around the dreary cavern, and shows no avenue to the world above. Here no celestial messenger ever arrived, and no tidings from that world was ever announced. Here God is neither worshipped, loved, or known; the voice of mercy was never heard, and salvation was never proclaimed, sought, nor found.

The Gospel, at an immeasurable distance from this desolate mansion, is the garden of *Eden* in its first beauty. Here Jehovah manifests himself in the Shechinah, (visible presence,) as of old he caused the glory of his presence to dwell at the

east of Paradise above the cherubim. Here his answers are given to the inquiring penitent. Here angels are again heard "praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will towards men." Here the Saviour is born, "and publishes the glad tidings of great joy." Here the Spirit of God fixes his divine abode, and sheds piety, and peace, and faith, and hope upon the assembly of the first-born. Here, finally, commences "the highway of holiness," which leads directly to the regions of immortality.

Who, in this house, can contemplate these things without the strongest emotions? Who can behold his all at hazard, his soul, his eternal well-being at stake, without inexpressible anxiety? Life and death, both eternal, are here the objects of choice. Whose bosom must not thrill, whose heart must not throb when famishing with thirst, and perishing with hunger, he hears a voice from heaven, calling directly to himself, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price." With what transport will he learn that the voice which conveys this delightful invitation, is the voice of the Son of God! Must not his soul expand with ecstacy, to see the Almighty arm of this glorious Person stretched out to seize him, while walking on the brink of perdition, and convey him to the world of joy?

On the brink of perdition every sinner in this house is walking at the present moment. The only way back to eternal life, the only safety, the only hope, is found in the Gospel. Strive then, with all possible earnestness to "enter in at the straight gate," which stands at the head of this

delightful path. Now the gate is open; soon, to you, it will be shut. Now the path is illuminated by the sun of righteousness; soon it will be lost in interminable darkness. Now heaven invites you to *enter in and be saved.* Soon its doors will be closed forever. Now God is reconcilable to you; the Saviour proffers himself, and all his blessings, to your acceptance, and the Spirit of grace is waiting to renew you to repentance. How soon will all these blessings retire beyond your reach, the hope of salvation set, to rise no more, and the voice of mercy be dumb forever!

WATCH AND PRAY.

Go, watch and pray; thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll his notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust go watch and pray.

Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Sparkle before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away;
Frail child of dust go watch and pray.

Ambition, stop thy panting breath;
Pride sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns dark with death
Before you open lie!
The heavenly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride go watch and pray.

Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead thee astray!
Go! weary pilgrim, watch and pray?

THE DANGER OF MAKING LIGHT OF CHRIST AND SALVATION.

"And they made light of it."—MATT. xxiii. 5.

"THERE is not one of us that has heard anything, but what has heard of Christ and salvation. There is not one of us but what has the rich blessings of the Gospel freely and repeatedly offered to us; there is not one of us but stands in the most absolute need of these blessings, and must perish forever without them; I wish I could add, there is not one of us but has cheerfully accepted them according to the offer of the Gospel. But alas! multitudes in our day make light of Christ and the invitations of the Gospel, as the Jews did in the days of our Saviour.

"Oh, sirs, you know not what it is that you slight, when you make light of Christ and salvation. Had you known what Jesus is, you would not have made light of him; he would have been to you the most important being in the universe. Ah! had you been but one day in heaven, and seen and felt the happiness there! or had you been but one hour under the agonies of hell, you could never more have trifled with salvation.

"They are no trifling or jesting matters the Gospel speaks of. I profess to you that when I have the most serious thoughts of these things, I am ready to wonder that such amazing matters do not overwhelm the souls of men. Oh, that men did but know what everlasting glory and everlasting torments are, would they then hear us as they do? Would they read and think of these things as they do? I profess I have been ready to wonder when

I have heard such weighty things delivered, how people can forbear crying out in the congregation, and much more do I wonder how they can rest, till they have gone to their ministers and learned what they shall do to be saved. Oh, that heaven and hell should work no more upon men! Oh, that eternity should work no more! Oh, how can you forbear, when you are alone, to think with yourselves what it is to be everlastingly in joy or torment! I wonder that such thoughts do not break your sleep, and that they do not crowd into your minds when you are about your labor. Oh, sirs, how can you have any quietness in your minds? How can you eat, or drink, or rest, till you have got some ground of everlasting consolation? Is that a man or a corpse, that is not affected with matters of this moment? that can be readier to sleep than tremble, when he hears how he must stand at the bar of God? Is that a man, or a clod of clay, that can rise up and lie down without being deeply affected with his everlasting state? that can follow his worldly business, and make nothing of the great business of salvation or damnation, and that when he knows it is so hard at hand? Truly, when I think of the weight of the matter, I wonder at the best saints upon earth, that they are no better, and do no more in so weighty a case.

"Consider, sirs, whose salvation it is you make light of. It is your own. And do you not care what becomes of your own selves? Is it nothing to you whether you be saved or damned forever? Is the natural principle of self-love extinct in you? Have you no concern for your own preservation? Are you commenced your own enemies? If you slight Christ and love sin, you virtually love death. Prov. viii. 36 You may as well say, "I will live

and yet neither eat nor drink," as say, "I will go to heaven, and yet make light of Christ." And you may as well say this in words as by your practice.

"Consider again, your sin is aggravated by professing to believe that Gospel you make light of. For a professed infidel that does not believe the Scripture revelation concerning Christ and a future state of rewards and punishments, for such a one to be careless about these things, would not be so strange: but for you, that make these things your creed, and a part of your religion, for you, that call yourselves Christians, and have been baptized into this faith; for you, I say, to make light of them, how astonishing! how utterly inexcusable! What! believe that you shall live forever in the most perfect happiness or exquisite misery, and yet take no more pains to obtain the one, and escape the other? What! believe that the great and dreadful God will shortly be your judge and yet make no more preparation for it?

Again. "Consider, sirs, what those things are which engross your affections, and which tempt you to neglect Christ and your salvation. Have you found out a better friend, or a more substantial and lasting happiness than his salvation? O! what trifles and vanities, what dreams and shadows are men pursuing, while they neglect the important realities of the eternal world! If crowns and kingdoms, if all the riches, glories, and pleasures of the world were insured to you as a reward for making light of Christ, you would even then make the most foolish bargain possible; for what are these in the scale to eternal joy or eternal tempest? *And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?* Alas! what does the

richest, the highest, the most voluptuous sinner what does he do, but lay up treasures of wrath against the day of wrath? O, how will the unhappy creatures torture themselves forever with the most cutting reflections for selling their Saviour and their souls for such trifles!

"Your making light of Christ and salvation is a certain evidence that you have no interest in them. Christ will not throw himself and his blessings away upon those that do not value them. 'Those that honor him he will honor; but they that despise him shall be lightly esteemed.' There is a day coming, when you will feel you cannot do without him; when you will feel yourselves perishing for want of a Saviour; and then you may go and look for a Saviour where you will; then you may shift for yourselves as you can; he will have nothing to do with you; the Saviour of sinners will cast you off forever. I tell you, sirs, whatever estimate you form of all these things, God thinks very highly of the blood of his Son, and the blessings of his purchase; and if ever you obtain them, he will have you think highly of them too. If you continue to make light of them, all the world cannot save you. And can you find fault with God for denying you that which was so little in your account?

"The time is hastening when you will not think so slightly of Christ and salvation. O, sirs, when God shall commission death to tear your guilty souls out of your bodies, when devils shall force you away to the place of torment, when you find yourselves condemned to everlasting fire by that Saviour whom you now neglect, what would you then give for a Saviour? When divine justice brings in his heavy charges against you, and you have nothing to answer, how will you then cry, 'O, if I had

chosen Jesus for my Saviour, he would have answered all!'

"When you see that the world has deserted you, that your companions in sin have deceived themselves and you, and all your merry days are over forever, would you not then give ten thousand worlds for Christ? And will you not now think him worthy of your esteem and earnest pursuit?

"And now, dear immortal souls! I have discovered the danger of this common but unsuspected sin, making light of Christ. I have delivered my message, and now I must leave it with you, imploring the blessing of God upon it. I cannot follow you from place to place to see what effect it has upon you, or make application of it to each of you in particular; but, O, may your consciences undertake this office! Whenever you spend another prayerless, thoughtless day, whenever you give yourselves up to sinful pleasures, or an over-eager pursuit of the world, may your conscience become your preacher, and sting you with this expostulation: 'Alas! is this the effect of all I have heard? Do I still make light of Christ and the concerns of religion? Oh, what will be the end of such conduct?' I cannot but fear after all, that some of you, as usual, will continue careless and impenitent. Well, when you are suffering the punishment of this sin in hell, remember that you were warned, and acquit me from being accessary to your ruin. And when we all appear before the supreme Judge, and I am called to give an account of my ministry: when I am asked 'Did you warn these creatures of their danger? Did you lay before them their guilt in making light of these things?' You will allow me to answer, 'Yes, Lord, I warned them in the best manner I could

but they would not believe me; they would not regard what I said, though enforced by the authority of thy awful name, and confirmed by thine own word.' O, sirs, must I give this accusation against any of you? No, rather have mercy upon yourselves, and have mercy upon me, that I may give an account of you with joy and not with grief."

PRESIDENT S. DAVIES.

To-day, if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

Ye wandering souls who find no rest,
Say, will you be for ever blessed?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ and glory dwell?

Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the Gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

Once more we ask you, in his name—
For yet his love remains the same;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

Leave all your sports, and glittering toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell—
Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

JONAH IN THE SHIP.

"We read in the fourth verse of the book of Jonah and first chapter, of God's displeasure in Jonah's punishment for disobeying his command. 'But

the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest so that the ship was like to be broken.' This should lead those who go down to sea in ships, to consider that the Lord is the sole commander of the sea, and that the winds do not arise accidentally, but they have their commission from God; for although Jonah did not, or wicked seamen will not obey God's command, the winds do. The Lord sent a messenger in a storm after a rebellious prophet. The winds and the seas are God's servants. O, let seamen tremble at this. God can cause these his servants to execute his will upon them when he pleaseth. It is the great sin of such persons, that they look no higher than second causes. Every storm when you are at sea, should read you a lecture of God.

"They should further consider—that guilt cannot flee from God; he can quickly overtake it. O tremble, poor seamen, when you go out, to think of carrying unpardoned guilt abroad with you.

"It is said in the fifth verse—'Then the mariners were afraid.' It is not the passengers, but the mariners were afraid. They are the hardiest and most undaunted of men; being so frequently in these deaths and dangers, they little regard them. And yet these persons, who used to encourage the poor trembling passengers, are now afraid. They had probably been in many storms before; but now their hearts fail them. This storm made them lower their top-sails of courage and self-confidence.

"The effect was, every one cried to his God, which argues the greatness of their fears. It may be, swearing by their gods had been their practice, but now it is praying to them. Storms will change mariners' notes, will make them serious, and turn

their swearing into praying. It is said *they cried;* which denotes the earnestness of their spirits, as persons in the utmost distress. It is further said, 'they cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea to lighten it,' which still spoke the greatness of their fears. This is one of the last things you do at sea to save your lives.

"Storms of danger cause storms of fear. These mariners were poor blind heathens, as you see by their praying to their different gods. Now, if the glimmering light of nature made them afraid lest they should perish, well may poor sinful seamen, who have the light of the Gospel, be afraid when they come into storms, and feel conviction from it in their hearts, knowing that if they suffer shipwreck in a storm, uninterested in Christ, they shall perish, body and soul forever. To be sinking at sea, and have no bottom for the poor soul to build its hopes upon—to be launching out into that vast ocean of eternity under a conviction of unpardoned sin will daunt the stoutest mariner, and terrify the most hardened sinner in the world. The disciples in a storm, earnestly cried out to their Master, 'Carest thou not that we perish?' With how much greater reason may profane sinners, in storms and dangers, adopt the same cry lest their souls perish.

"But why should sinful mariners in a storm be afraid?

"*First.* Because *death* is before them. It is said, then the mariners were afraid!' In this tremendous storm they saw nothing but death before them. Death is 'the king of terrors;' and when seamen get a sight of him, as they do in a heavy storm, oh, how do their countenances fall! how are their notes changed! If many through fear of

death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage, well may they be terrified who have death immediately in view. And how canst thou, poor Christless soul, even think of facing this grim sergeant, death, whether by sea or land? Men are full of fears in storms and dangers, because their conscience stings them. Fear chiefly ariseth out of guilt. A guilty conscience is as a thousand witnesses. Can you, guilty creatures, deny that evidence which cries out of your own bosoms? and will not this fill you with dread when you are in danger? Jonah's conscience when awakened flew in his face. I know, says he, that for my sake this great tempest is upon us. Conscious guilt will cause fear to stir in the heart. You, poor seamen, who carry unpardoned guilt in your consciences every voyage you make; it is a wonder you ever return. You go to sea Christless, and you return Christless. You go to sea unpardoned, and you return unpardoned. Remember the sinking storm will come. The stroke of death will come at last; and then what fears will haunt you! You will never get free from fears until you get your consciences cleansed by the blood of Christ.

"2. In storms of danger, eternity is before them, and therefore they are afraid. We read in Rev. vi. 8. of one riding upon a pale horse, whose name was Death. And what followed in his train? It is said, '*Hell* followed him.' And are you not convinced that after death there is a judgment? and after judgment a heaven and a hell, an eternity of happiness or perdition? What fit and natural meditations would such as the following be for you when upon the great deep! What is the vast ocean to eternity, but as the drop of the bucket! The ocean you traverse is not the main; eternity

is the main sea. Your lives are your voyages, your souls are your vessels, the winds of prosperity or adversity are your gales, but eternity is your port. If you get in well, you make a rich voyage of it; thy soul is made forever; if not, you are lost forever! How are mariners afraid when they strike in going in! What fear then must they have who are sensible that they have eternity before them, and see the danger of not getting safe into that port!

"3. This fear will be increased when sinners are driven, as they often are, by storms of danger, to look into the state of their hearts. Conscience then makes quick reflections on past life, and the inward state of the soul, which will naturally excite painful fears. 'Oh, my soul, how is it with thee? What hopes hast thou, if thou shouldst die in this storm at sea? What is thy state for eternity? Art thou pardoned and interested in Christ or not? I am going to appear before the Judge of the quick and the dead; Oh, how shall I stand before that tribunal? How shall I lift up my face in his presence? Can such a wretch as I stand before so holy a throne?' In such a situation, will many sinners in Zion be afraid, and fearfulness surprise the hypocrites.

"*Secondly.* Consider the *use* to be made of that fear which is excited by a sense of danger. Is it so that dangers at sea usually bring such fears with them? Then,

"1. Note our natural security and stupidity, that until imminent danger appears, we are not afraid. These men were secure till the storm arose, as the old world was before the flood came. Many poor seamen, and other sinners, are not afraid of death or hell, till they be at the door. They put the

evil day far from them, as if they had made an agreement with hell and death. Many never think what will become of their souls, till they be ready to sink in the sea, or till they lie upon a death-bed. Is not this dreadful stupidity?

"2. What a happy condition the people of God are in, who are reconciled to Him; to whom he says, 'Fear not, I am with thee;' and has ordered his servants, 'Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him.' Isa. iii. 10. He may say as David did, 'The Lord is my strength and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom (or of what) shall I be afraid?' Psalms, xxvii. 1. 'At what time I am afraid, I will trust in God!'

"3. How great is the misery of those, in times of danger, who are out of Christ! Oh, how are the poor souls often filled with fear! All fear hath torment: but how do the fears of death and hell rack and torment the consciences of awakened sinners! Alas, poor seamen! If your souls be out of Christ, they will sink in the storm before your vessels, and you will have nothing to bear them up. A Christless soul is not fit to grapple with danger.

"4. Are dangers attended with such fears? Then let mariners bear with me, while I exhort them to labor—to live so on land, as that they may be above fear when in danger at sea. This is the great interest of your souls. Now seek after that 'repentance which is unto life.' Beg of God to give you, 'a new heart and a right spirit.' 'Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace.' Learn now to maintain communion with Him; and then, in the day of your trouble, you may hope to call upon Him with success. Then, 'from the

ends of the earth,' you may cry unto Him, and he will hear you and deliver you from all your fears.

"5. Would you be above storms and fears at sea? Carry not a Jonah in the vessel. Carry not guilt with you. Guilt will sooner or later raise a storm. You see, (in the book of Jonah,) that the sea was never quiet, while Jonah, the guilty person, was on board. It was not the lightening of the ship that stilled the storm. The sea still wrought, and was very tempestuous, till Jonah was cast overboard; and then it calmed. Oh, then, let every sin be cast out; and let your guilt be cast into the sea of Christ's blood: then all will be calm and quiet.

"6. Would you be above fears in sea-dangers? See that your anchor be rightly cast. 'Hope is the anchor of the soul,' as the Apostle saith, which is 'sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail, whither Jesus, the forerunner, is for us entered.' Heb. vi. 19, 20. Let hope, your fixed anchor, your sheet-anchor, be cast on God and Christ in heaven; and it will preserve you safe, and keep your vessel steadfast amidst all the winds and waves of this tempestuous sea.

"7. Would you be safe at sea and out of fear? Carry no *leaks* out with you; I mean, known sins, of omission, as well as of commission. You search your vessels narrowly, to see if you can spy any leaks, as you know a little hole in a ship endangers all. Oh, that you would, with equal care, search into the state of your souls, that you may find out every sin, every defect! Say not of any sin, 'It is a little one, and my soul shall live.' The smallest sin, wilfully indulged, will endanger your soul's salvation. See that your vessel be whole. Pray with David, 'Let my heart be sound in thy statutes.'

"8. If you would be above fear, in times of danger at sea, carry Christ in the vessel: I mean in your soul. Secure an interest in Him; seek a discovery of that interest; and habitually exercise faith in Him as your Saviour. When Christ was once in a ship with his disciples, and there arose a severe storm, so that they went to him in great terror, as he was asleep, and awoke him, saying, 'Master, carest thou not that we perish?' he arose, and rebuked the winds: and said unto the sea, 'Peace, be still: and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm;' upon which he said unto them, 'why are ye so fearful?' Matth. iv. 37—40. Have faith in Him, and he will calm the tempests of the soul. There is peace and joy in believing."

London Sailors' Magazine.

Beset with dangers and with fear,
In life's uncertain sea I steer;
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light,
O Spirit, guide my vessel right.

Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
To fix on Christ the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear

JESUS IN THE SHIP.

"We left New-York in the brig Louisa, or Amsterdam, May 27th, 1830. Believing it to be

my duty to God and man, to warn sinners of their danger, and finding I was responsible to God in a great measure for the souls of my crew—being perfectly convinced myself of the danger of sin, I resolved by the help of God, to discharge my duty faithfully. I therefore determined to have divine worship on board of my vessel on Sundays, and prayer every evening. Two of the sailors were professors of religion, and I do believe sincere Christians. We commenced our meetings on Sunday the 30th; we read a sermon calculated for the purpose, and myself and two men joined in prayer. Our meeting was very interesting, all hands attended. On Monday we commenced our evening meetings. Our chief mate at first was much opposed to it, he supposing once a week was sufficient. However, he attended out of respect to me; but blessed be the name of God, before the meeting was closed he was brought to a deep conviction, and on the 14th of June, he found that Jesus had power on earth to forgive sins. He was filled with the love of God, and added to our number. Before we arrived at Amsterdam, nearly the whole crew were under convictions, crying to the Lord for mercy. We found God was blessing our labors, and Jesus was precious to our souls. We arrived at Amsterdam on the 29th of June, many rejoicing in God, and nearly all the others under serious and deep impressions. The fourth of July, while other crews were ashore, celebrating the day in drunkenness and rioting, our crew was on board praising God, and a glorious day it was; no drinking or blaspheming there, but all was love and contentment.

"We left Amsterdam on the 14th of July, and a glorious time we had homeward bound. All on

board, with the exception of the second mate and two men, found Jesus precious to their souls. One man got his soul converted on the main-top-gallant-yard. We returned to New York on the 30th of August, with nine praying souls out of twelve; many of whom when they left New York instead of praying to God for forgiveness of their sins, were calling on him to damn their souls. I never in all my life before, experienced such a happy voyage; all was love and contentment—all ship duty done faithfully, and with much activity. It appeared as though Jesus was continually with us in our meetings. I do not believe that I was ever more interested in any meetings than in those we had on board of our vessel. We were almost a little heaven on the water. Several of those that got religion had neglected their parents and friends for a long time, but now felt very anxious to return to them; and I believe they did return like the prodigal son to his Father's house.

"*September* 17*th.*—Left New York on another voyage to Amsterdam, with myself, chief mate, steward, and one man, professors of religion. Finding God had blessed our endeavors to serve him on the former voyage, we commenced our meetings as before; and of all the pleasures that ever we found, we never found any like the pleasures and joy we experienced in serving the Lord. We did not expect to have the same success at all times, but we were resolved, come what would, we with God's help, would endeavor to use the small spark of grace that He had entrusted with us. Accordingly we commenced our meetings with a very wicked crew, but God was pleased very soon to send his convincing Spirit among them. One man named Chester, could find no rest for several days, being

so deeply convicted, until God was pleased to remove the load, and fill his soul with heavenly love. He broke out in an ecstacy praising God, and warning his shipmates.

"Shortly after, another seaman that had been a sot, by his own account, nearly all his life and had not been in a church for sixteen years, neither did he know what religion meant, was brought to such a deep conviction that he knew not what to do with himself; and some of the others were seriously impressed. But before we arrived at Amsterdam, God set his soul at liberty, and he rejoiced in the God of his salvation.

"We arrived at Amsterdam with two souls converted to God, and some others seriously impressed. While in port we held our meetings as usual. Masters, mates, and some seamen, and some others from the shore attended, and I believe it was the means of doing much good. One second mate of a ship was brought to a deep conviction, crying to the Lord for mercy, and several others were deeply impressed. On Sunday myself, mate, and some of the crew, went on board the ship Columbia of Philadelphia, Captain Siller, who was a pious man and a professor of religion, but had never taken up his cross, thinking it would not answer on board of a ship, until he was perfectly convinced of the contrary by the conduct of our crew, which was noticed by every one for their good behavior, and discreet conduct. He then commenced his meetings for the first time, and boldly and decidedly came out on the Lord's side in prayer and exhortation, while myself, and crew, helped him in this glorious cause.

"We left Amsterdam and arrived at New York on the 27th of December, with two souls converted, and several others under deep conviction, that had

not received the blessing. Although some of the crew continued hardened, they were always obedient, and did their duty without murmuring, being convinced we were warning them for their good. And when they left the vessel the wickedest of them returned us their thanks for our good advice, and asked an interest in our prayers.

"*February 2d.*—We left New York for Amsterdam, with myself, both mates and steward, professors of religion. Men being scarce, and going on a winter's voyage, we were compelled to take any that offered. Accordingly we shipped our crew, six of whom had sailed together before. One of these men I did not like the appearance of. However, I knew that every thing was possible with God, and that he could change the hardest heart. We commenced our meetings as before. The crew, after telling them the first night the rules and regulations of the vessel, were all surprised, and as they have termed it themselves, 'were brought up all standing!' I continually felt suspicious of the man before mentioned, and I believe, if any people ever prayed earnestly we did, that God would send his convincing Spirit among these men. We soon found, as before, that God was ever present, and several of the crew became seriously alarmed. On the 13th, this man that I felt suspicious of in the morning, while at the helm, told me he wished me to stop his allowance of grog, as he never meant to drink any more as long as he lived. He said God had pardoned his sins. I asked how he knew—what evidence he had. His reply was, 'last night, while you were praying, my heart gave two jumps that I could not account for. I thought I prayed earnestly, but when I went on deck, something appeared to tell me that I was not

sincere, and I could find no rest. I went on the forecastle and prayed, the tears falling in streams from my eyes, and towards the conclusion of the last prayer, words, or something came into my mouth and said, 'your sins, which are many, are all forgiven; now be careful to glorify God forevermore, and mind the liquor!' And directly he fel his load removed, and was filled with love and joy

"Another young man I took notice of for several days praying earnestly to God. At length his load was removed, and he was filled with love and gratitude to God. These men immediately rejoiced in their Saviour, and begged the others to seek this blessing.

"Shortly after another young man who had been deeply convicted, and could find no rest, but was continually crying to God, with a broken heart, got released of his burden, and rejoiced in the God of his salvation. Our meetings became so very interesting and so full of the Spirit, that I could compare them to nothing but a floating heaven. we were filled with the love and glory of God.

"We arrived at Amsterdam on the 3d of March. Nothing particular occurred there, and we left on the 26th. On our passage home, another of our men was deeply convicted, and could find no rest. He was struck with so much terror that he was afraid every moment, that God would cut him off. He continued in that state for several days. At length the Lord relieved him, and filled his soul with love. He then, like all the others, begged and entreated his unconverted shipmates to pray earnestly for this blessing, which words could not describe.

"We arrived at New York on the 24th of April last, with four souls truly converted, having a new

song in their mouths giving glory to God. One other man was under a very deep conviction, and had been so for a long time, but on the first Tuesday after our arrival, in the prayer-meeting, God spoke peace to his soul. The two others that did not get religion on the voyage, neither did they appear to wish to have it, came down on board last Monday and Tuesday, with tears in their eyes, telling me they now began to see their past folly, and I do believe they were strongly convicted, under the sermon, as they told me, that Mr. Chase preached last Sunday. They are now truly penitent, and have no desire after any thing but religion. To God be all the glory."—*From the Journal of Captain Brewer.*

SOUNDINGS.

To Heaven I'm bound with presperous gales,
My bark by grace doth safely steer,
And going under gospel sails,
Celestial prospects bright appear.
To sound her ground my faith now springs,
And to her *Author* thus she sings—
"*Thy will be done.*"

As bearing up to join the port,
A blood-stained cross and heaven in view,
A Saviour's wounds my harbor—fort—
The beacon—to my vessel true;
Again my faith her sounding tries,
And to my soul's sure pilot cries—
"A blessed hope."

Now as the blissful shore draws near,
With transport I behold the place,
Where dwells my friend, my Saviour dear,
And long, with joy, to see his face.
Once more my faith now tries her ground,
And thus re-echoes back the sound,
"Christ is my rock."

When to her berth my bark draws nigh,
And I have done with sails and tide,
"Strong is my cable," then I'll cry,
My Anchor's sure—I safely ride.
No more my soul need try her ground,
Safe at her moorings she is found,
And "all is well."

A SAILOR'S EXPERIENCE.

"BEING called upon in public several times to relate my experience, or give an exhortation to seamen, I feel it my duty before leaving port, to give an answer to those who may doubt whether I have ever passed from death unto life. It is not that I desire to be thought righteous by men, for it is a small thing to me to be judged of men's judgment. But that it may not be imagined that I am ashamed of my Master, I will here give a brief sketch of the dealings of God with my soul.

"My father was a seafaring man, and died in the West Indies when I was an infant, leaving my mother with three children, of whom I was the youngest. I was early taught the Scriptures, and that of course they were true. I was also taught to keep the Sabbath-day holy, and was subject to serious thoughts when but a child. But as I advanced to the age of fifteen or sixteen years, this seriousness wore off. I was exceedingly ambitious, and was resolved to push forward to the highest post of my profession at any rate. However, I found that I was not superior to my shipmates, and had the mortification to see one of them promoted before me. This made me examine myself to see

wherein I was deficient. And from examining my conduct as a seaman, I got to examining my heart—and from believing myself perfect in al. things, I found that I was poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked, and lacked one thing yet. From novels and romances, I took to reading my Bible, which heretofore I had never doubted, but thought that when it spoke of the wicked who should be turned into hell, it meant not me who had lived so upright among men. Therefore I had made myself quite easy. But now I found new and strange doctrines contained in the Bible. It seemed strange that all men by nature were under condemnation. I could hardly believe it. In fact I was determined not to believe it. But I could not rest. Perhaps the Scriptures were true, thought I, and if they should be where should I go? I prayed that I might learn the truth, and that if I lived to return home I might find religious companions.

"My prayers were answered,—on my arrival I was introduced to a few young converts, who had experienced religion while I had been gone to sea. When they related their experience to me, I thought they were poor, weak-minded creatures, because I thought I had got religion without any of those fiery trials. I heard many good sermons, and went to sea second officer of a ship, which was bound on a whale voyage in the South Seas. The master of this ship was a professor of religion. On this voyage I was again disappointed. I was very much persecuted, and gave up all hopes of being in the right way. I believed in election and reprobation, and thought myself a castaway. This took such an effect on my mind that it seemed impossible for me to survive it. I could scarcely eat, drink, or sleep; at length I formed a resolution to

die (if I must die) on my bended knees begging for mercy. It now appeared evident to me, that I had been endeavoring to take religion in one hand, and the world in the other, and that it was necessary to let go the one or the other—this was the trying time; for although I would have given ten thousand such worlds as this for a hope in Christ Jesus—yet to think I must resign all my ambitious hopes, and lie child-like at the feet of Jesus,—to think that I could not bring any thing to my Saviour to recommend me,—that I must come with my heart as if it were a blank, and let him write on it what he would,—it was indeed a severe trial. But what were earthly honors and pleasures to me, while I was living without God and without Christ in the world? Then I had sinned with such a high hand against God, how could he forgive me? I knew that Christ died to save sinners, but I scarcely dared to hope for mercy.

"At length He spoke comfort to my soul—not however until I was willing to give up myself a living sacrifice,—not until I could go to him as a little child, having no desire of my own, excepting such as should be consistent with his holy will. When this was the case, it seemed as though he certainly had heard my prayers—it seemed as though God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all my sin—my heart leaped for joy—the world seemed like a bubble—I would fain have left this vale of tears, and gone to the feet of my Saviour, who had redeemed me with his blood, and there worshiped and praised him forever. But I must stay here, and mortify the evil nature that is in me—I must fight the fight of faith—I must let my light shine before seamen.

"And O! how far I have fallen short of my

duty! It cannot be expected that we shall all be preachers, but I feel as though it would be my highest happiness if I could bring souls to Christ. O, if I could say something to sailors, which would be for their everlasting salvation! but I have questioned the utility of such weak and illiterate creatures as me attempting to speak in public. On ship-board it may be of service, and perhaps elsewhere, but in church I cannot say.

"May the blessing of heaven attend your ministry, here and every where you preach, (Rev. M. Winslow, to whom this communication was addressed,) and may God grant you many souls as seals of your service, and crowns of rejoicing in the day of the Lord. May this worm of the dust find an interest in your prayers; and may we all remember that we are not our own, and that we are bought with a price, and that we should use this world as not abusing it. May we be found faithful unto the end—all the blessings, both temporal and spiritual, which you can desire or receive, I pray may attend you in this life, and glory hereafter hrough Jesus Christ. D. M. B."

THE PIOUS SAILOR ON HIS NIGHTLY WATCH.

Sailor, when on the wide-spread deep
At helm you nightly vigils keep,
Act well the seaman's part:
But, can you the high heaven survey,
And not to God the Father pay
The homage of your heart?

While you behold the starry sky,
Worship that Jesus who did die
For guilt here to atone!
Think how his precious blood was shed
To raise us rebels from the dead,
He paid our debt alone

When the soft zephyrs gently blow,
Your ship on the calm sea does go
Towards the destined port;
Then the blessed Comforter implore,
To guide you to the blissful shore,
And to your Father's court

When stormy winds tempestuous blow,
And ocean's waves do roaring go,
And dark the night appears;
Then to the Throne of God draw nigh,
And he will hear your humble cry,
To save from every fear.

Sailor, if God is thus your friend,
He will in need protection lend,
And wipe your falling tear:
And lead you through the stormy deep;
He will your soul in safety keep,
In trouble will be near.

When in the east horizon clear
You see the morning star appear,
To cheer the night—then sing!
O, think of Bethlehem's bright star,
Which eastern sages saw afar,
It led them to your King.

When in the orient hemisphere
The glorious sun you see appear,
To give the nations day;
O think of Jesus! that bright sun,
Whose everlasting course will run,
Perfection to display.

Then, pious sailor, you will shine,
Drest in your Saviour's robe divine
Of glory full possess'd;
O how the vaulted heavens will ring,
When in full chorus saints will sing,
And be forever blest.

THE SAILOR'S LAST LETTER.

The following unfinished letter was written by a young man at sea, early in February, 1842, who was drowned on the next day, intending to date it when finished.

Dear Brother,—It is now with much pleasure that I take my pen to address you a few lines, that you might not think I had forgotten you, and my native soil, and all those who dwell there. Not so, for in the lone hours of night, while tossed on the briny ocean, I often think of my home and the comforts I might have enjoyed there, could I have made myself contented. Yes, much more than in this floating home where nothing but a few planks and nails separate me from eternity. I think much of this every day I live; and the more I think, the more I realize the shortness of time and the importance of a preparation for death and futurity. Dear Brother, let your hours of time be passed to collect strength for the trying hour that awaits us. We should stand thoughtful on the solemn, silent shore of that ocean, on which we must soon launch away. Let us wait in meditation and prayer for the wind that shall waft us to a world unknown. We must daily stand at the gate of the grave, and familiarize ourselves with the thoughts of the dying hour, when our friends may surround us to witness the scene of our departure. Let the thoughts of the coffin, the grave, the shroud, the hearse, the sable pall, and broken-hearted parents and friends following in solemn procession to the house appointed for all living, impress us From

such views we may collect fresh strength to press on in the good cause of God. This should be our first and principal concern.

Dear Brother, should you be faithful in the cause, you might say there is peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Read the Bible; take the commandments of God for your guide, and pray much in secret, and you will ever be happy in God. You must have stated times for prayer, and before you kneel think of the many temptations which surround you, and your need of divine help. Be very choice in the selection of your company, avoid as much as possible the company of the light and trifling, and those who have no strict principles of religion. Look out for all the "no harm things," for these are the small foxes that destroy the tender vines. As for myself when you last saw me, I enjoyed but little religion, but when I had launched once more on the mighty deep, I found to make all things well I must take Jesus for my all. And so I did, and have enjoyed much peace in so doing. I have the temptations to meet which a seafaring life exposes one to. I do not have the privilege of class and prayer meetings which I have enjoyed on shore with so much happiness. I have no Christian friends near me, but Jesus is near and precious to my soul. I have but little more to write; remember this is from one whom you may never more have the privilege of seeing until at the judgment-seat of Christ!—*Sailor's Magazine*

"A MOTHER'S BLESSING BEFORE I DIE."

At eight, P. M., I repaired to the forecastle as usual, to bestow some little kindnesses and nourishment to the sick. I found poor Jack, with his face towards the side of the ship, breathing hard.

"How do you do now, Jack?" said I. With great difficulty and with my assistance he turned his face towards me; and after the fatigue occasioned by this exertion, he said in a low hollow voice:

"Captain, I am a dying man;" and after another strong effort he continued—"I have a mother now living in England, God bless her! I have been a sad fellow, sir—she taught me to read the Bible, and say my prayers, and gave me much good advice, and she often would say to me, don't forget the advice of her who never forgets to pray for you."

Here the big tears chased each other in rapid succession from the dying eyes of poor Jack. "Oh my mother," exclaimed he, "could thy dying son live but to make amends for all the pain and suffering he has given thee! Oh could I but receive a mother's blessing before I die!" Nature at this moment gave way, and he sunk exhausted on the pillow, under the great effort he had made. The scene was too much for me, I found the muscles of my face, and especially my eyes, relaxing; and involuntarily turned away from the berth, would have given him some spiritual consolation, but alas! I was not at that period competent to do so. After a pause of a few moments he recovered himself and beckoned me again to his side. Putting my ear near to his mouth, he begged in a low

tremulous tone, to be placed underneath the fore-scuttle, so that he might look upon the blue sky, and behold the stars; the request was immediately granted him, and he was placed in the chosen position, and for two hours steadfastly gazed on the heavens, occasionally repeating the beloved name of mother. At eleven, P. M., his sight failed, and nature was wearing away apace; the dim light was flickering in the socket in readiness to expire at every moment. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, he made a slight movement as if to speak. I again placed my ear near to his mouth; he murmured out, "oh, my mother!" These were his last words; for, just as the bell tolled the hour of midnight, the spirit of poor Jack took its everlasting flight.

Then you might have seen a gathering group of sailors around his cold remains, subdued and broken in spirit, eager to perform the last sad offices to a departed shipmate. Poor Jack! he was washed, shaved, and dressed in his best suit, and carefully, though strongly, sewed up in his hammock, and neatly lashed with close hitches, so as to secure the body in its natal shroud; after which it was taken on deck, and laid in the launch until the time of burial. The next day, the sun rose into a perfectly clear and cloudless sky, and over the broad expanse of waters, nothing was to be seen but an unruffled sea, and now and then a sea-gull, or a Mother Carey's chicken, skimming the swelling surface, the only proof that we were not alone in creation's expanse. There was an air of profound sorrow and melancholy reigning throughout the ship. Here lay the cold remains of poor Jack; and in the forecastle languished three others, so ill that we knew not what hour they would share the

fate of their departed shipmate. It was indeed an hour of sadness, when the ship was hove to, to perform the rites of burial. All hands that were able to come on deck, took their stations forward of the gangway; they were all tidy, and dressed in their best rig; the stars and stripes were run up half-mast—the corpse, with a bag of shot tied at the foot of the hammock, was placed on a board at the gangway—after which thirteen minute guns were fired—and then commenced the reading of the funeral service of the Episcopal Church. It was a moment when all the finer feelings of the soul were brought into play; the stout hearts and rigid muscles of men who had never flinched in storm or battle, gave way in sympathetic wo. There was a moment's pause as I came to the period preceding the sentence "we commit this body, &c." I involuntarily ceased reading as I heard a deep groan from an old sailor. The sentence was finished, a deep splash was heard, and the body of poor Jack sunk beneath the blue wave, there to rest, until the sea shall roll its millions to the shore. After this mournful ceremony was over, all sail was again made, and we stood on our course, without knowing, however, how soon the same melancholy duty would again have to be performed to some other inmate of the ship.—*Life on the Ocean.*

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE

The grave of youth and hoary age
Lies low beneath the tufted clod;
And lofty prince and ancient sage
Are found beneath the same green sod.
But where's the tomb of the hardy brave?
The ocean is the sailor's grave.

No monumental stone is found
To mark the place he lies beneath;
No beauteous garlands deck the mound,
Nor willows form a flowery wreath:
The moonbeam trembling o'er the wave,
Is all that marks the sailor's grave.

No funeral knell with solemn sound
Falls mournful on the distant ear;
No wife nor mother there is found
To wipe away the falling tear.
But they who can the ocean brave,
Can weep beside the sailor's grave.

The ocean may be lashed in storm,
And waves around his pillow play;
The skies in terror may be torn,
And lightnings pass their fiery way:
Yet there he rests—as rest the brave—
In peace beneath the stormy wave.

Lo in the caverns of the deep
Beside some coral bed he lies,
Wrapt in the sea-weed there to sleep
Till from the grave of death he rise:
Yes, He who came to bless and save,
Shall raise him from his watery grave.

Sailor's Magazine.

THE ORPHAN SAILOR BOY.

'Don't speak harshly to him. He has no father to direct his steps, no mother to watch over him. Temptation was laid before him, and he yielded. Be not severe; perhaps one kind word may save him from ruin. Do not drive him to more gross acts of sin, but manifest by your voice and your tears that you are his real friend. Had he been blest with a mother's care, he would not

have stepped aside from the path of rectitude. Now he feels that no one cares for him; no one pities him; no one loves him. Go to him and be his friend, his guide, his counsellor, and you will save him from the depths of degradation. There is nothing so effectual as sympathy, to allay the bad passions and incline the heart to virtue. How sweet is the reflection, I have drawn a soul from vice, and placed him in the path of virtue, and now he is bearing the fruits of usefulness on earth, exerting a good influence, and ripening for a better world."

BOOKS FOR SAILORS.

"It is a striking fact, that the narrative of the conversion of men of the sea, happily more frequent than in former years, is almost uniformly connected with the perusal of some tract or book. Deprived of many of the means of grace, the few they may possess seem to be the more effective. The Bible and religious books may be taken into the forecastle on a long voyage, when the Bethel and the prayer meeting must be left behind, and in those long and weary hours when seasons of thought visit the soul, they often prove the means of instruction and salvation.

"To say that the sailor needs the Bible, is equivalent to saying that a miner needs a lamp, or that the blind need a guide, or that a vessel needs a rudder.

"He needs a compass and chart as much as the vessel he navigates; but without the Bible he has

neither. Good books are seamen's preachers; holding, in some degree, the same relation to the Bible on shipboard, that preaching does on shore. The hammock or the capstan is the pulpit, and the forecastle or deck is the church of the sailor. Alas, how many vacant pulpits there are!

"Books for the sailor must not be sectarian. He can get along no better in a strait-jacket than he can in small clothes; he is too broad-chested, and has breathed the air of old ocean too long. Little does he care for the *isms*, about which too many good men contend. You may harden, but you cannot win him by thrusting upon him the books that record your differences.

"Books for seamen and boatmen, must be written with simplicity, directness and fervor. These men are accustomed to call a spade, *a spade*. Like a western man, if you have anything to say, they want you to say it and stop. If you are in earnest, as they always are, they will find it out, and will hear you. They must be spiritual books, books that address men as sinners, that grapple with the conscience of the wicked man, and bring him to the cross.

"Sailors especially, need good books to *supplant the corrupt literature of the sea*. The devil has been beforehand with us in this matter. At the head of almost every wharf you will see an exhibition of the trash made for seamen; song books, dream books, extravagant romances, licentious stories and pictures. Almost every sea-chest is supplied with some of the scum of the 'polite literature.' It is read too, to fill the imagination with scenes of debauchery and blood.

"Seamen must have good books, because they have almost no other means of religious instruc

tion. Their home is on the sea. Few have a Sabbath or social religious privileges, or a Christian periodical. Think of the whaler, occupying the tenth part of a lifetime in his perilous voyage, with no opportunity of hearing the Gospel, unless it be through the ministry of the dead, and tell us whether sailors do not need good books. Think of the dangers, temporal and spiritual, to which they are exposed, and say whether every ship sailing from our ports should not be amply supplied with silent preaching. Pious ship-owners and shipmasters should no more send or take a vessel to sea without Christian books, than without bread. Christian beneficence should do it where it is neglected by others."—*Sailor's Magazine.*

FOR EVER.

"It is said, that a pious man once had this question put to him; 'Why do you spend so much time in reading, meditation, and prayer?' He, in reply, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and solemnly said—*Forever—Forever—Forever!*

"And oh, what is the *forever* of heaven? None on earth can describe it; none can comprehend eternity. Were the house you inhabit to be filled with the finest sand, and emptied so slowly, that but the smallest grain should be taken once in ten thousand years, how many millions of ages would pass away before the last grain were removed? Yet compared with eternity, these countless years would be like the twinkling of an eye. Were the mighty seas, which dash their

waves, against so many shores, to be suddenly changed into one mass of ink, and then to be employed in numbering down figures, and the least figure to signify a million of years, what countless ages would be numbered down, before the seas were emptied; yet he who wrote the last figure might say, 'these ages are not eternity;' they are nothingness itself compared with that;—less than one drop to all the sea; less than one moment to all these infinite years; they are like a tale that is told, or a sigh that is forgotten.

"And had we lived through these inconceivably countless years, when we had seen them pass, and even pass a thousand times over, we might still say, 'But a moment of eternity is past.' Beyond ages that we might almost deem an eternity, other eternities would rise in endless succession. Such is the *forever* in heaven. In a short time, the hand that has written these pages, and the eye that reads them must be turned to dust; but in eternity we must live forever and ever the companions of angels, or of devils."

THE MISERIES OF THE UNGODLY IN THE DAY OF DEATH.

"A YOUNG woman who had lived negligent of the great salvation, not long before she died, burst into tears, and said, 'O, that I had repented, when the Spirit of God was striving with me! but now I am undone.' She afterwards exclaimed, 'O, how have I been deceived! When I was in health, I delayed repentance from time to time. O, that I

had my time to live over again! O, that I had obeyed the Gospel, but now I must burn in hell forever. Oh! I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it.' Not long before she died, she said, Eternity, Eternity! oh to burn throughout eternity!

"One unhappy creature in his dying hours among a number of dismal expressions, used such as the following: Oh, that hell! Why must I leave this earth! O, that hell!

"A young woman was laid upon the bed of death. In that solemn situation, her lamentations and bitter grief were most affecting. She confessed that she had neglected the great salvation. Oh! she exclaimed, 'my hard heart! I find no softness in it. It will not relent! is there no forgiveness for me? Am I not to be saved, Lord?' Her most frequent cry was, Lord break my hard heart!—In a few hours after this she expired.

"A sick man who once had serious impressions, but did not yield to them, observed, 'I would give ten thousand worlds to be pardoned.' The language of another sufferer was deeply affecting. 'I know I am not forgiven. Oh! it is dreadful to die! oh, millions and millions of years—it is dreadful! O that I could live till I am forgiven! it is too late now! it is all over! O that I had come to Christ sincerely!' When spoken to of the Saviour's mercy, she answered, 'That is what makes it so bad to sin against so great a Saviour.'

"Let us enter the chamber where the infidel Voltaire is dying He has long opposed the Gospel, and concluded his letters to infidel friends, with 'crush the wretch,' meaning the Lord Jesus Christ. But now he is overwhelmed with horror and despair; not a gleam of hope breaks in upon his soul. He curses his former companions in infi

delity, and exclaims, 'retire! It is you that have brought me to my present state! begone! I could have done without you all, but you could not exist without me!'

"Now he exclaims, 'O Christ! O Jesus Christ!' Then utters with horror, 'I am abandoned by God and man.' Alternately he supplicates and blasphemes the God he has denied. Wretched man! wretched fame which infidelity obtained him. Let us enter the dying chamber of another infidel, he is dying a martyr; a martyr to drunkenness and brandy. No bright hopes cheer the last moments of this debauched apostle of infidelity. Ask him,—'what think you of Jesus now?' his mournful moans, his bitter cries, gave a forced but unwilling reply; he exclaims, O Lord, help me! O Lord help me! O, Christ help me! O, Christ help me! He confesses to one who had burnt his Age of Reason, that he wished all who had read it had been as wise as he; and adds, 'if ever the devil had an agent on earth I have been one.' And when apprehending immediate dissolution, exclaims, 'I think I can say, what they make Jesus Christ to say, my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' At length he dies, but notwithstanding all the horrors of conscience, a stranger to real penitence.

"We need go no further; these apostles of infidelity, like malefactors confessing their crimes at the gallows, have, in their dying horrors, confessed that they could not disbelieve that religion they had labored to destroy. Whence the cries, O Christ! O Jesus Christ! Lord, help me! Christ, help me! but from an inward conviction, that Christianity is divine? They had doubtless been against the Bible, because the Bible was against them; and now, like the demons the Saviour ejected, they

confessed him, in whose mercy they no longer find a port.

"Is such the conclusion of a life of sin? Are such the consequences of making light of Christ? O, then as you would avoid the awful end of transgressors, forsake their destructive path! If you continue in it, reader, your own departure from the world may hereafter resemble theirs whose unhappy end has now been described. Bitter would i then be for you to think of those sins, and of that neglect by which the soul is undone. Alas! what madness it is to choose damnation, if you may but go, what is to corrupt nature, a pleasant way to hell. Listen not to the voice of seducers who would lead you to ruin. They promise you liberty, but are themselves the slaves of sin. When the smiling seducer would tempt you astray, think with yourself, 'can I bear my Creator's anger? Can I endure my Judge's frown? Can I dwell with everlasting burnings? Shall I neglect eternal life, and choose eternal death, for things that shall perish in the using?'"

THE SCOFFER.

"All ye who laugh and sport with death,
And say, there is no hell:
The gasp of your expiring breath
Will send you there to dwell.

"When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigor spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind!

"Then you'll confess the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
With flames upon your tongues,
When you exchang'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

THE MORNING AND EVENING OF LIFE.

"MANY a bright and beautiful morning is followed by a dark and cloudy evening. This is common in the natural world. It is not uncommon in the moral and spiritual world. The bright morning of youth, which shone with cheering prospects on the path of the young traveller in life's journey, is often overshadowed at noon, and dark with lowering clouds of adversity before the evening twilight. But in nothing is such a case more marked and melancholy, than when the soul of man, which might have been cheered with the sunlight of heaven, sinks into the darkness and gloom of endless night. This is often true in the case of those who spend the morning of life in neglect of religion, and live on without hope and without God in the world. Comparatively few conversions take place beyond the age of fifty. I once heard from the lips of an aged man, an affecting testimony to this very point.

"He was present on an occasion when a solemn appeal was made to the young to yield themselves up to God in the freshness of their young existence. The preacher in the course of his remarks, observed, 'That in the morning of life, we usually thought that as a matter of course, when we grew old, we should feel willing, ready, and desirous to attend to the things of religion. But, on the contrary, when

age came stealing on, we should find in our hearts the same reluctance, the same backwardness, the same or greater unwillingness to commence this work, as at any former period.'

"As the preacher came down from the pulpit, this aged man, who was highly respectable, uniformly correct in his deportment and constant in his attendance upon divine service, came forward, and extending his hand to him, with much emotion remarked, 'Sir, what you said just now is unquestionably true. I know it from my own experience. When I was young, I said to myself, I cannot give up the world now, but I will by and by, when I have passed the meridian of life, and begin to sink into the vale of years; then I will become a Christian; then I will be ready to attend to the concerns of the soul. But here I am, an old man. I am not a Christian. I feel no readiness nor disposition to enter upon the work of my salvation. In looking back, I oftentimes feel as though I would give worlds if I could be placed where I was when I was twenty years old. There were not half as many difficulties in my path then as there are now.' Though this man spoke thus—and the big tears coursed down his cheek, as he gave utterance to these truths—the emotions that were then stirred up within him passed away like the early dew. He did not turn to God; he remains unconverted, and there is fearful reason to expect that he will furnish another awful illustration of the truth, that they who put off the work of their salvation, under the belief that it will be less difficult to enter upon a religious course of life at some future period than at present, will die in unregeneracy and sin."—*Evangelist.*

THE DYING HOUR.

"Not long since," said Rev. Mr. W., "a young man in the vigor of health, with the fairest prospects of a long and prosperous life, was thrown from a vehicle and conveyed to the nearest house in a state that excited instant and universal alarm for his safety. A physician was called. The first question of the wounded youth was, 'Sir, must I die? must I die? Deceive me not in this thing.' His firm tone and penetrating look demanded an honest reply. He was told that he could not live more than an hour. He waked up as it were at once to a full sense of the dreadful reality. 'Must I then go into eternity in an hour? God knows that I have made no preparation for this event. I knew that impenitent youth were sometimes cut off thus suddenly, but it never entered my mind that I should be one of this number. And now, what shall I do to be saved?' He was told that he must repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. But how shall I repent and believe? Here is no time to explain—the work must be *done*. The whole business of an immortal being, in this probationary life, is now crowded into one short hour, and that an hour of mental agony and distraction. Friends were weeping around and running to and fro in the frenzy of grief. The poor sufferer, with a bosom heaving with emotion, and with an eye gleaming with distraction, continued the cry of 'what shall I do to be saved?' till, in less than an hour, his voice was hushed in the stillness of death."

"IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT THE SON OF MAN COMETH."

"It often happens that persons are suddenly called into eternity that have not a moment's time for reflection. The following is an instance of this kind. A short time since Mr. ——, a merchant in one of our large cities, was seized with a dangerous illness, which brought him to the very confines of the eternal world. In this situation the past neglect of the Saviour rushed with power on his conscience, and in a most solemn form he vowed to lead a new life, and serve his Creator if he recovered. Unexpectedly to himself, and to all others, he recovered, by slow degrees, to his usual degree of health, and during this period, he regarded his promise, and at length professed to obtain a good hope through grace. But, alas! when he got well and resumed his business, the duties and pleasures of life led him astray from God, and he again indulged in all the vanity of fashionable life. A friend who had heard and who was deeply affected with his solemn vows when in trouble, reminded him of that affecting scene. He remembered it, and declared his intention of fulfilling all he had said, as soon as he had accomplished two or three pressing items of business; then he would give up his whole soul to the work—then he would seek God with all his heart. A few days after the admonition he attended a splendid ball. In the midst of gaiety and mirth, Mr. —— was in high spirits and partaking in all its merriment, thinking that this was 'the time to dance,' when suddenly the angel of death entered the festive hall, and the

young, the gay, the thoughtless merchant sunk to the floor a lifeless corpse.

"No room for mirthful trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne."

AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

"A young man stated the following facts at a prayer meeting in Massachusets. 'About one year ago I set out in company with a young man of my intimate acquaintance, to seek the salvation of my soul. For several weeks we went on together; we prayed and wept together, and often renewed our covenant never to give over seeking till we obtained the religion of Jesus. But all at once the young man neglected attending meetings; appeared to turn his back on all the means of grace, and grew so shy of me that I could scarcely get an opportunity to speak to him. His strange conduct gave me much painful anxiety of mind, but still I felt resolved to obtain the salvation of my soul, or perish making the publican's plea.

"'After a few days a friend informed me that my young companion had received an invitation to attend a ball, and was determined to go. I went immediately to him, and with tears in my eyes endeavored to persuade him to change his purpose, and go with me on that evening to a prayer-meeting. I pleaded with him in vain. He told me,

when we parted, that I must not give him up as lost, for after he had attended that ball he intended to make a business of seeking religion. The appointed evening came, and he went to the ball, and I went to the prayer-meeting. Soon after the meeting opened it pleased God, in answer to prayer, to turn my spiritual captivity and make my soul rejoice in his justifying love. Soon after the ball opened my young friend was standing at the head of the ball-room, with the hand of a young lady in his hand, preparing to lead down the dance; and while the musician was tuning his violin, without one moment's warning, the young man sallied back and fell dead on the floor. I was immediately sent for to assist in devising means to convey his remains to his father's house. You will be better able to judge what were my feelings when I tell you that the young man was my brother."—*Christian Advocate.*

"Ye lovely bands of blooming youth,
Warn'd by the voice of heav'nly truth,
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
With all your talents and your time.

"Think on your end—nor thoughtless say,
'I'll put far off the evil day;'
Ah! not a moment's in your power,
And death stands ready at the door.

'Eternity! how near it rolls!
Count the vast value of your souls!
Beware! and count the awful cost,
What they have gain'd whose souls are lost.

"Pride, sinful pleasures, lusts and snares,
Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears—
Take the alarm—the danger fly!
Lord, save me, be your earnest cry."

THE YOUTH THAT WAS NOT READY.

"During the closing service one Sabbath," says a pastor, "my eyes rested on a lovely youth. I approached him and exhorted him to repentance and faith on the Lord Jesus Christ. He replied, 'I am not ready now, but in two weeks I am resolved to seek the salvation of my soul.' A few days after, his minister was called to visit him upon a bed of sickness. He said to the minister, 'I was invited to the Saviour at the meeting of the Sabbath; I replied that I was not ready then, and now I am not ready to die.' On a second visit the dying youth exclaimed, 'I was not ready to seek God at the meeting, I was not ready to die when the message came, and now I am not ready to lie down in hell! My two weeks have not yet elapsed when I hoped to have made my peace with God, and sickness, death and hell have overtaken me, and I am forever lost.'"

"Ah! who can speak the vast dismay,
That fills the sinner's mind,
When torn by death's strong hand away,
He leaves his all behind!"

A CONVENIENT SEASON.

Acts 24, 25.—"Go thy way for this time when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

"Many," says the pastor of a large congregation, "flatter themselves that they shall die in a decline,

and shall then have a convenient season to prepare for death. But long experience shows that even those who thus die find that it has seized upon them in a most unexpected hour. The consumption is called a flattering disease. It is true—yes doubly true. It flatters us in distant prospect, with the promise of certain repentance. And when it comes, it flatters us into the belief that its withering hand is not upon us till we are perishing in its grasp—the dreadful work done—and the fancied favorable hour gone utterly beyond recall!

"Alas, how very few have ever repented while declining under the power of this disease! And where was the individual ever found who could pronounce it in his own case a convenient season!

"Now, if experience shows that Christ's declaration is strictly true in that case on which above all others, men fondly doat, what can be expected when death comes in some more violent and sudden manner.

"Would you correctly estimate the opportunity then afforded, let this estimate be founded on facts and not on vain imagination. Go and stand over the sick bed of a fellow mortal who has deferred repentance to that hour. See him in every stage of disease. Mark him while tortured with those fierce pains which violent disease inflicts in its first assault. With what lion strength it grapples on its victim: and his strong nature while yet unsubdued, struggling and buffeting amid the billows of disease. In the anguish of the first onset he has no moment and no thought to bestow on a preparation for death. Visit him again at a subsequent period, when his malady begins to gain the mastery of his constitution, and he has no longer the strength to

sustain nor the sensibility to feel such tossing, racking agonies.

"You see him more still and silent. What is now the spectacle? Is this comparative calm which has succeeded the convenient season you are promising yourself? Leisurely seated by his bedside, you may then watch what is going forward, and then judge. Mark how the destroyer, who has now gained the mastery is more gradually bringing on the fatal event.

"Gaze on the wan countenance of the victim as he lies exhausted and languishing. The bloom and freshness of health are exchanged for the livid image of death. See the now imploring, now despairing eye he turns on his physician. And now he reclines in quiet for a momentary respite. Nature is left to breathe and gather a little strength to bear up through another struggle.

"During this little season of stillness, approach, and in a soft and sympathizing tone ask the poor soul the question if he is enjoying that convenient, that happy season to make his peace with God which he used to promise himself on the dying bed. Ask him if this is such an hour as he had thought of in which to meet the Son of Man. Oh! the iron heart cannot be found in the bosom of man to put such a question at such a time! You know the answer he would give. And you know the agony of horror with which such a question must overwhelm his sinking spirit.

"If not utterly stupid, the thought of that delusion which made him presume on a death-bed repentance strikes as a dagger to his heart. Visit such a scene as this and it will repeat in your ears, with more than an earthly emphasis, that kind but rejected premonition of the Saviour—'in such an

hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh. Such, O precious but deluded fellow-mortal, will you soon find it, if, while in health, you continue to postpone your preparation to meet him. When flesh and heart fail you, you will then mourn at the last and say, How have I hated instruction, and mine heart despised reproof."—*Christian Spectator.*

There are but few we have reason to believe in this land of light and privilege, who have not been the subjects of religious conviction; few, who have not meditated often and seriously on that eternity which lies beyond the isthmus of death. In this situation many like Felix have trembled. Like *him* too they have resolved to re-consider their case. But engaged in business, or absorbed in pleasure, they have said in their hearts, to the admonitory voice of the Holy Spirit, "go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Ah, victim of procrastination! did you but know that the pursuits which now lead you to reply like Felix, are likely to cheat you out of immortal life, you would at least *pause* and *consider.*

There is but a step, sinner, between you and death, and yet you are saying to the Holy Spirit (the only Being that can renew you, and fit you for heaven,) to this Spirit you are saying, "go thy way for this time—I must attend to the concerns of my soul, and I intend doing it, but for the present I must be excused." Fatal delusion! all but eternally lost, and yet not ready to make your peace with God; unprepared to die, and yet not ready to make preparation! O sinner what can be done

to lead you to serious reflection on the imminent peril of your soul. Why will you not learn by the experience of others, that postponement in ten thousand instances has resulted in *eternal death.* And *will* you, *must* you, *dare* you, make an experiment which has proved the destruction of untold numbers? If you suffer your deceitful heart to continue its cheating a little longer, you will be beyond the reach of hope. The folly, however, of this excuse is not the only danger. It is an insult to your Creator and Redeemer, which he will not overlook. While God says, *now* is the accepted time, shall man reply *to-morrow!* O what presumption! what high-handed rebellion! who can estimate the enormity of such guilt?

Alas, the victims of *to-morrow's* promises people the dreary regions of *despair.* How many mourn over their fatal resolutions of repenting to-morrow,—when to-morrow came, it was to-morrow still, until death came and ushered them unprepared into the presence of their Judge. And now to-morrows are to them unknown, save only as they are reminded of their abused privileges on earth; before them is one unvarying, unbroken eternity.

"GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT."—Eph. iv. 30.

And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppress'd?

To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.

"Perhaps the writer is addressing some irreligious young man. If so, my young friend, harden not your heart against the admonitions, that might, if regarded, do you good forever. Among young men there is much daring wickedness: and a greater proportion of them than of the other sex are wicked; and they harden each other in wickedness. Thus multitudes act. Every Sabbath is profaned. At home or abroad, on the land or on the sea, they have not the least regard for its sacredness; but do their own work, and seek their own pleasure. Look at the course of many young men. Some are lewd and drunken, the tempters of the other sex, the disgrace of their own, and the destroyers of themselves. Is their state a safe or happy one? Ah, no! it is one of accumulating guilt and constant danger. Many die the victims of youthful lusts. Others meet death in some drunken fit, and are suddenly hurried from the company of the alehouse to the society of devils. So common is this, that frequently, in a single week, the public prints record several instances of persons thus in the midst of their sins snatched into eternity.

"From viewing such characters turn to another. Behold the infidel. Though he knows little or nothing, and has perhaps never read the Bible in his life, he is too wise in his own conceit to listen to its sacred truths, and dares to despise that book which Milton, and Newton, and Locke, and Washington, and the greatest and the wisest of men have reverenced as divine. He scorns instruction. But

what is his condition? is it one of peace and safety? Ah, no. God will bring him into judgment. He cannot live always, nor always sit in the scorner's chair. He cannot always jest at religion. He may laugh now at its solemn truths, but laughter will not drive death and hell away. What is his peace and support? Let those who have been like him declare. A devoted Christian, who when a young man was an infidel, remarks, 'I was a professed infidel, but then I liked to be an infidel in company rather than alone. *I was wretched when by myself.*'

"A visitor to one who had scorned the Bible, states, I found him in the full possession of his mental faculties, but much agitated and alarmed by a sense of his great sinfulness and approaching misery. About six months before the time at which I saw him, he had been deprived of his wife by death. To suppress the sorrow occasioned by this loss, he went frequently to a public house; and there he found companions whose mirth caused him to forget for a moment his troubles. At first he was surprised and shocked at their profaneness, but he soon proved 'that evil communications corrupt good manners.' These men were infidels, and it was not long before they persuaded their new associate to imitate their example, in abandoning the profession and casting off the restraints of religion. On Sunday mornings they met to encourage each other in all manner of wickedness, and on one of these occasions, according to previous agreement, they together committed their *Bibles* to the flames, and vowed never again to enter a place of *religious worship.* All this, said the wretched man, did well enough while I was in health, and could keep off the thoughts of death. Now, how-

ever, he was stretched upon a bed of sickness, and conscious of his near approach to eternity; in this state forced to reflection, his guilt and danger excited the utmost horror and alarm; despair had taken full possession of his mind. When I spoke to him of the mercy and forgiveness which the most heinous offenders are encouraged to seek through the mediation of a Redeemer, he hastily exclaimed, 'what's the use of talking to *me* about mercy?' When intreated again and again to 'behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;' he said, 'I tell you it's of no use now; 'tis too late—'tis too late.' In reply to my exhortation to pray; 'Oh! I could pray *once*, but now I can't pray;' and after a pause, 'I *will* not pray.' Two men having entered the room, whom I understood to have been leaders in the guilty company by whom this poor man had been deluded, he hastily turned his face from them with obvious disgust and terror; and after they had addressed to him some blustering expressions, by which they hoped to rally his spirits, he raised himself on his bed, lifted up his hands, and in the most deliberate and solemn manner called on God Almighty to *blast those wretches to all eternity!* They almost immediately left the apartment, uttering a profusion of oaths. Some time afterwards three others of the wretched men entered, and occasioned a repetition of the imprecations which it was impossible for any to hear without shuddering.

"After I had been with him about two hours, during which time he frequently repeated such expressions as have been stated, he became quite indifferent to what was said to him, rolling about on his bed, and now and then ejaculating, '*My Bible!* Oh! *the Bible!*' His eyes were for several minutes

fixed on me, but he seemed not to hear the questions and intreaties which I continued to address to him. He then concealed his face by turning it to the pillow; and after having remained in this position a quarter of an hour, his whole frame was violently convulsed; he groaned and then again was still; and whilst I was speaking to the bystanders, he expired. 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.'

"See a young man that ranks not thus openly with the enemies of holiness. He spends his Sabbaths in worldly company, on the newspaper, or in mere secular business, or sinful amusements. He neglects all piety. He lives a prayerless life. In vain for him the Christian minister proclaims the tidings of heavenly love. He treats those wonders on which angels gaze astonished, with utter indifference. But what is his condition? is he safe and blest? Ah, no! ruin, only ruin lies before him. He is exposed to utter danger, to eternal destruction. Yet he is vigorous, and fears no ill. True, but health may soon leave him. It has left millions once as fearless and vigorous; and they, guilty and ruined, have sunk into the grave. Insensibility lessens not his guilt nor his danger.

"Behold a young man different from all these. He respects religion, treats its truths with reverence, its friends with kindness. No open profanity or vice marks his conduct. As far as the outward observance of many divine precepts is concerned, he can say with a young man of old, 'all these have I kept from my youth.' He is regular at the house of God, and is generally esteemed and beloved. Yet his heart is not given to Christ. He has not surrendered himself to the Saviour. What is his condition? Alas! with all that is so promis-

ing, he is still perishing. Though he joins not the scoffer and the drunkard, still while he receives not the Saviour he belongs to the same wretched family as they. Unhappy youth! that meets with Christians, yet has no part with Christ; that shuns the place where scoffers and blasphemers meet, ye has no more interest in the Saviour than they, and is hastening to the same dark dwelling of despair.

"But see a young man different from all these He is the humble and devoted disciple of the blessed Jesus. If once a profligate or a Sabbath breaker he now hates all the paths of sin, and loves the Sabbath he profaned. Religion is the element in which he lives. Prayer his pleasure; the Bible his guide; the friends of Christ his beloved associates. Youth cannot beguile him with its delusions Whatever prospects of opening life are before him he looks to higher prospects and to fairer scenes beyond the limits of earth and time. God is his God. The Saviour is his all; and heavenly mansions his expected home. Happy young man! He possesses the good part that shall not be taken away from him.

"Which of these very different characters do you resemble? If the latter, give God the praise. If any of the former, ruin is before you. O, flee from the paths of youthful sin and folly! or you will find, too late, that the way of transgressors is hard."

PRAYER OF A YOUTH.—Psalms cxix. 9.

With humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
Oh, make me learn while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

My heart to folly prone,
Renew'd by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

Oh, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

POOR WILLIAM.

THE grace of God is displayed no less in the depths of poverty and ignorance to which it descends, than in the higher walks of life of which it forms the brightest ornament. This truth has a pleasing illustration in the following narrative of poor William, whom the writer well knew, and who was born in ——, Conn. about the year 1740.

"He was lame and deformed, and could never stand upright or walk unless supported by two staves. His parents were poor; he had not strength of limb to use the implements of husbandry; his speech was so indistinct as scarcely to be understood by strangers, and his mind and memory were so weak that all efforts to teach him to read seemed to be unavailing. His condition was also apparently rendered more hopeless by the fact that, in the inability of his parents to support so helpless a child, he was early separated from them by the au-

thorities of the town, but he was happily placed in a religious and worthy family.

"Here he early discovered uncommon depravity He was cross, intractable, mischievous, perverse. He seemed almost destitute of reflection or conscience of right and wrong; he gave way to an uncontrolled appetite whether for food or strong drink, and often used the most profane, obscene and opprobrious language, and thus exhibited without restraint, and in its most fearful aspects, the native depravity of the human heart. He gave no indications of religious influence on his mind, or any just apprehension of God or the future world, and could be controlled only by the fear of corporeal punishment.

"Young children, who were weaker than himself, it was his pleasure to annoy by running after them as he could with his two staves and bent body, or throwing sticks or stones at them, so that he became the terror of the neighborhood. Few human beings, probably, have had less in them that was attractive or hopeful as to the present or future world. Thus poor William continued till near middle life, loving no one, beloved by no one, deformed in soul and body, and verifying the appalling description of the apostle, 'hateful and hating one another.'

"'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots. Then may they also do good who are accustomed to do evil,' and by the power of superabounding grace, vile, degraded William may yet 'shine above the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever.'

"A little before the war of the Revolution, when the state of religion throughout the country was generally low, the presence of the Spirit was enjoyed by the people among whom William dwelt;

many promising youths were brought to Christ, and in the fervor of their love and joy they sometimes, between the public exercise of the Sabbath in summer, gathered under the shadow of a tree near the house of God, where they conversed, read, and sung hymns of praise. One day poor William, who often attended the sanctuary, strolled in among them, and whether by what he saw or by any special warnings addressed to him is unknown, but the Holy Spirit there reached his heart, arousing his conscience, alarming him on account of his sins, and drawing his attention to the concerns of his soul.

"Now his feeble mind, which had been unstable as water, and never before was known to be permanently affected by any thing that did not appeal directly to his senses, became fixed on the subject of his salvation and preparation to meet his final Judge. He was terrified at the view of his dark and hopeless condition as a sinner, and earnestly implored instruction, nor was he satisfied with any thing until Christ, the great atoning sacrifice for sin, the 'one Mediator between God and man,' was clearly set down before him. His pastor spared no pains to pour the simplest Gospel truths into his dark mind, and most evidently the Holy Spirit gave peace to his soul through faith in a crucified Redeemer.

"From that time no profane or irreverent language escaped his lips; he was no longer perverse and mischievous; he was now easily controlled in respect to the evil habits he had formed, and became submissive and gentle as a child. He feared and loved God. Nothing delighted him more than to hear Christians talk of Christ, the riches of his mercy, and all he has done to save lost men. His wild countenance assumed a milder aspect; his

temper became peaceful and happy, and little children flocked to him and delighted in him as a companion in their harmless sports. The transformation was observed by the older and more discerning with astonishment, for they saw in him marked evidence that he had indeed become a 'new creature in Christ Jesus.'

"It was at first doubted by some whether one so weak in mind should be received into the church, but he professed his faith in receiving baptism, and was admitted to full communion. He showed a peculiar love to the people of God, and when he learned that others were seriously inclined, would visit them and inquire after their state with a simplicity and seriousness often truly affecting. His faithful pastor was especially endeared to him.

"William's Christian walk was generally consistent. In a few instances he was known to exhibit a wrong temper, but his sorrow for it was most sincere. On one occasion, before the present principles of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks prevailed, a designing young man, being alone with him, gave him a sweet mixed liquor by which he was intoxicated. When he came to himself and knew what had been done he cried and wept bitterly, and gave the most satisfactory evidence of true repentance before God and man. Generally he was happy in the enjoyment of God and the anticipation of heaven. Sometimes he was clouded with fears and temptations, but he would say, 'the devil comes, picks me all to pieces—I cry—pray hard to my blessed master—and the devil then goes away.' Thus William pursued his course till the Master called him to sit down in his kingdom.

"Can the deniers of the Bible and of the truths distinguished as *evangelical* produce, in all their

annals, such an example of moral elevation as was effected in poor William? Did deism or universalism ever work such a change? Such results are effected only by the Word and Spirit of God.

"Is the reader, with all his superior advantages, 'living without God, having no hope in the world?' Let not poor William stand in the judgment a witness against you. 'Christ' must be formed 'in you the hope of glory,' or to the heaven where poor William's stammering tongue now lifts the song of praise you can never come; but like him, 'seek the Lord while he may be found,' sincerely and with all your heart, and your salvation is secure. T. S"

Ye dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you;
Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay;
No vain excuses frame,
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind and lame.
All things are ready, sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room

"WOE UNTO HIM THAT STRIVETH WITH HIS MAKER."—Isaiah xl. 9.

"Man displays his folly in a multitude of ways, but in none more than by the conduct intimated in the words now read. Not only folly, but danger, are here intimated 'Woe to him that striveth

with his Maker.' Thousands are ruined for want of due consideration; of seriously, frequently, and impartially considering the nature and tendency of their conduct, its unreasonableness and danger. May I therefore be permitted, to entreat, and solemnly to call upon all the ungodly who hear me, to attend to the following considerations in illustration of the text.

"*First.* God is our Maker, and therefore, we are all bound to venerate and serve him. Can any proposition be more obviously true upon the mentioning, than that the creature formed should obey Him that formed him? What hast thou, O sinner, that thou hast not received of God? Who hast made thee to differ from the beasts of the field, or the clods of the valley? Who hast implanted reason, intelligence, conscience, and all those mental faculties which exalt thee above the brute creation, or perhaps above thy fellow-man? Whence these countless and nameless advantages, both of mind and body, but from thy Creator? Why then withhold thy veneration and obedience?

"A second consideration calls, O sinner, for thy obedience and service; God is not only thy Maker but He is thy preserver. Yes, you reply, who does, or who can deny this plain truth? He only who denies the existence of a God can deny it. Why then, if acknowledgment of the truth is so general, why is its influence so partial, and so feeble upon human conduct?

"O thou careless, prayerless, and thoughtless creature, how many are the dangers from which thy Maker has protected and preserved thee! how many in the days of thy youth, when diseases, and dangers, and deaths in many forms surround thee, and proved fatal to many of your age and neigh-

borhood! Why did you recover, while they went down to the chambers of an early grave? Tell, if you can, the many dangers and hair-breadth escapes that you have experienced in riper years; and yet, while warring against the Maker, He has been sheltering, protecting, and blessing thee. Say, O sinner, what meaneth this conduct? Blush, if thou canst, and without delay, repent, and reform; for except you repent, you must perish.

"Reflect again, that thy Maker has been thy bountiful benefactor; who can deny this plain, this universal fact? Now, it is universally granted that no crime is more odious and detestable among men than the sin of ingratitude; those who cannot return a favor in kind, may and ought to be grateful to the generous donor. Now, what are all or any of the favors which one man can bestow upon another, compared to the countless favors bestowed upon us by our heavenly Father? Ingratitude towards him rises in exact proportion. Reflect seriously then, O sinner, upon thy sinful ingratitude, and instantly repent and reform.

"We read, that when Moses returned from Mount Sinai, where he had been receiving the tables of the law, when he came to the confines of the camp, he found a tumult, and the people worshipping and dancing around the calf that Aaron had improperly made at their request. The sight filled him with indignation, and he exclaimed, 'who is on the Lord's side? let him come to me.' In similar language, I now call upon you, fellow men, saying, who among you are on the Lord's side? Do sincerely reflect, and let your consciences give an immediate and impartial answer. And know, for certain, that there can be no resisting an answer —there can be no neutrality in this case. There

are many instances where men may refuse their vote, their concurrence, their aid, their counsel, and be blameless; but such cannot be the case here: for every one that is not for God is against Him. What says conscience then? Are there not many who, by their criminal conduct and their neglect of acknowledged duty, are convinced that they are striving with their Maker? say, then, what do you expect to reap by such conduct? Must it be productive of peace, joy, and comfort in this life, and felicity in the life to come? No, no! quite the reverse. 'Woe to him that striveth with his Maker. Sorrow, anguish, and remorse must pray upon his guilty mind when awaked to a sense of sin, and awakened it must be if not in this life, to repentance and reformation, in the life to come, to unutterable anguish and despair. Whoever hardened himself against God and prospered? The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken in pieces; out of Heaven shall he thunder upon them. Think, O unconverted man, of thy sin and danger in time. It is for thy benefit, and for thy salvation that I have directed your attention to this solemn subject to-day. Be no longer careless, indifferent, or prayerless, but instantly turn to God, by breaking off thy evil, ruinous courses. Now, now,—for none can tell how soon the stroke of death may place you in the land of darkness and despair. Death may already have received the command to cut you down as cumberers of the ground. While you are hearing this, before the hand of the clock shall have reached the hour of twelve, thy soul may be required of thee. O awful, O tremendous thought! A soul, loaded with the sins of youth, riper years, nay, of grey hairs, hurried away into the presence of the great, the impartial, the universal Judge! 'Where'

the man, where is the heart, that does not tremble at the very reflection, the very possibility? Awake, awake, then, O sinner! arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light, salvation, mercy, pardon.

"Suppose that the subjects of any prince had rebelled against him, and for their treason had been condemned to die, and were in prison, waiting the awful moment, and supposing that, just when the hour arrived, a messenger should arrive with the pardon of the king, upon the condition of future amendment and loyal fidelity. Who would not gladly embrace the offered mercy, and gratefully acknowledge the unmerited, the unexpected favor of the prince? And now, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy—a pardon, a free and full pardon of all your sins. 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters of salvation; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God for he will abundantly pardon.' Why should any hesitate or delay? Who is not ready to exclaim, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that saith unto Zion thy God reigneth.'"—*Rev. J. Hyatt.*

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are despatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.

Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

SERIOUS QUESTIONS PROPOSED TO NEGLECTERS OF RELIGION, AND THE FOLLY AND INEXCUSABLENESS OF DELAY.

FROM PIKE'S ETERNAL LIFE.

"1. Perhaps, reader, you are one of that unhappy multitude that still crowd the broad way which leads to destruction, and upon whom all that has hitherto been urged, has been urged in vain. Let the writer then, before he leaves you forever, earnestly beg your attention to a few plain questions, most intimately connected with the salvation of your soul.

"Is not your soul worth saving? That precious treasure for which the Son of God shed his blood, and whose conversion would raise new joy in heaven, is it not worth your care? If it is, why do you treat that deathless soul as if it mattered nothing whether it be saved or lost, blessed or cursed, to all eternity! Yet this you do, while refusing to commit all to the Saviour's care.

"2. Is not God's love worth having? That love perfects the happiness of saints and angels. In it they rejoice and ever rejoice, and the want of that love insures the hopeless misery of the lost. If the world were yours, you would be an undone creature without that love; and if stripped of every earthly good, would be happy if possessed of that treasure. And will you, a poor dying mortal, that will soon, unless you repent, be a dead sinner, and a condemned sinner; will you treat that love, with as much disregard as if it were deserving only of infinite contempt? Yet this you do while you will not turn to God.

"3. Is God's heaven worth possessing, and his salvation worth enjoying? or is it not? If it is, why do you madly neglect so great salvation, and obstinately slight that blessed heaven? Would you wish God to swear in his wrath, that you shall not enter into his rest, and that whoever may enjoy salvation, you shall have no part in its blessings? Would you not think this a dreadful doom indeed? Yet is it not as bad to deprive your own soul of salvation, by wicked carelessness, by open sin, or by halting between two opinions, as it would be for God to shut you out of heaven? Rather is it not worse? Will it not deepen the gloom of eternal night to remember, that the fair inheritance of heaven was lost to you, not because God was unwilling you should be saved, but by your own sin and folly, because you would not seek salvation?

"4. Is God's anger so trifling, and his indignation so harmless, that escape from them is not worth your care? You will not assert that this is the case? why then, unhappy mortal, trifle with that dreadful anger? and play, by neglecting salvation, with that fiery indignation? If once the long

gathering tempest of divine wrath break on your guilty and devoted head, it will beat upon your naked soul in one eternal storm; and God will forever 'render indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish,' to you, an unhappy worm, because you would not receive his proffered mercy, welcome his beloved Son, and become his happy and obedient child.

"5. Is it not worth your while to escape from hell? is that place of torment so little to be feared, that you may heedlessly rush into its undying flames? Will the pleasures of sin, and the pursuits of folly, recompense you for enduring the flames of damnation? So surely as God is true, while you slight religion, thither you are going, whether you mean to win perdition or not, and if you do not turn, then will you soon lift up your eyes in torment. Unhappy mortal! if you should, surely the remembrance of abused mercies, and neglected warnings, will complete the bitterness of your cup of misery. Hell, in every view, will be horrid, but surely it will be a dreadful addition to its horrors to be compelled to reflect, 'I sunk myself here. I need never have come to this place of misery. God waited on me, but I would not listen. A Saviour died, but I would not give my heart to him. I chose the path of death, and the sorrows that I now endure.'

"6. What then do you mean in neglecting' salvation of your soul? Perhaps you mean repent hereafter, but before that time comes, y may be in the grave; or God may have given y over to a hardened heart, and may have no mei for you. What then do you mean in neglecti the salvation of your soul? Perhaps you mean follow the world, and unite religion with its pr

suit. Alas! you cannot do this. You may keep the world and hell with it, but not the world and religion with it.

"7. Do you mean to perish? Have you made up your mind to sink to hell, to curse God and die eternally? No! you have no such intention. But you might as well design this, as to take the way to perdition. You may not mean to perish, but if you slight the Saviour you *must perish.* You may not design to be damned, but if you neglect religion you must. You may not intend to lose heaven and burn in hell, but if you do not turn to God you must do both. What you mean will weigh nothing at the judgment bar. The inquiry will not be, 'did this sinner mean to go to hell?' but 'did he take the way thither?' 'Did he intend to lose heaven?' but, 'did he make light of the only Saviour, that could raise him to eternal life?' You might as well at once mean to perish, make up your mind to be lost, and seriously and deliberately choose everlasting perdition, as trifle with God and eternity, with the Saviour and salvation. You could but perish in the former case, and you will surely perish in the latter. If you do not feel your danger, insensibility will not ward it off. While you are without Christ you may sleep, but your judgment lingereth not, and your damnation slumbereth not.

"8. If you do not mean to perish, and if indecision will ruin you as surely as if you did, can you be saved as you are? If you are in your sins, this is utterly impossible. 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.' It is not possible for you to be saved without conversion, for He who is the truth has said, 'ye must be born again.' Therefore, to hope

to be saved in an unconverted state, is a desperate and wicked hope indeed. It is to hope something so horrid, that resolution is needed, to bring the pen to write it down. It is, with reverence be it spoken, to hope that the God of truth and love will prove a liar, to save a sinner *in his sins*, that might be saved *from them*, but *will not turn to God.* If you cannot be saved as you are, can you find another way of salvation? Blessed be God! in the Gospel there is one equal to all your wants and state, but that one you slight. You are not willing to receive the Saviour in his own way. 'Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus.' There is no escape if we neglect so great salvation.

"9. If you knew this were your last day, would you continue to slight this precious salvation? If you had reason to believe that when at night you close your eyes to sleep, you would wake in eternity, could you then pursue your guilty course of sin and folly? Yet little as you expect it, this may be the case. Not long ago, the writer knew a tradesman apparently vigorous and to be feared a man of the world, who was on a journey. He spent the evening at an inn. He was fond of company, was cheerful that night, and sat up later than usual. In the morning he did not rise, and some one entered his chamber. There he lay, a corpse. His bed was unruffled, and he appeared to have died without a struggle, probably while asleep. How solemn the change! Such has been the lot of multitudes, and it may soon be yours. And if it should, with what awful surprise, will eternity open on your unpardoned spirit! Multitudes every morning awake on earth, in one place or other, that before the evening comes have finished their

course, and have gone to meet their God. Every setting sun, many are found inhabitants of this world, who before the sun arises again, are fixed beyond hope or fear in an eternal state. More than eighty thousand human beings are supposed to pass into eternity every four and twenty hours. How soon among these crowds, may you be one!

"10. If you could see hell opened to you, could behold the outer darkness, the burning flame, the tormented captives, would you then be intent on taking the way to that abyss of agony? You would rather tremble with horror and dread, lest you should be cast into that pit of despair. Yet you might as well make such a declaration as merely neglect and slight the Saviour. You cannot see those regions of misery, and these sights of woe, but if you continue a careless impenitent sinner, so surely as God speaks true, you *must*. Yes, you *must embrace religion, or you must shortly see it all*, and more than *see* it, you must sink into the awful burning flood.

"11. If you could see the wicked one, furious with infernal rage, and could you hear him say, 'you are mine, you are doing my will, you are accomplishing my purposes, and you will soon be with me;' would you not almost die through fear of dying the slave of such a horrid tormentor? Yet will you not believe God as readily as Satan? and if you will believe God, you must believe, that while you have no heartfelt piety, you are the child of the devil. You are doing his will in a life of carelessness and sin. He seeks the damnation of your soul, and whilst you slight Christ, you are accomplishing his infernal desires. Every prayerless day you live, every warning you slight, every Sabbath you break, every conviction you overcome, you are

doing the will of the wicked one. Could he speak to you, he would tell you to disregard this book, and to slight all the advice and warnings it contains. And shall Satan have his way? or will you disappoint his hellish desires by turning to God?

"12. If looking into the pit of perdition you could hear the lost, amid the wailings of their distress, address you, and say, 'we were once like you, and you will soon be like us, you are taking the way which brought us here, and shortly you will join us, and be all that we are now;' could you hear this, would you still go on in carelessness? But will you not believe God as soon as a lost spirit? He tells you in his word, that if you do not turn you must die, and that if you die in sin, you will wake in hell, and will you not believe Him? and if you do believe Him, why flee not from the wrath to come?

"13. If you could see heaven, and it could be said to you, 'follow Christ, and this will be your home;' would you say, 'no it shall not, I will have hell in preference, let those who like it seek the kingdom of God, but hell and its horrors are my choice.' But is not heaven as truly the world of happiness as if you saw it? and are not many now enjoying its blessings? and will you not as really lose it by neglect, as if you were to say, 'I will have no home there?'

"14. If you could see the saints in light, could behold their peaceful mansions and unfading crowns, and could witness all their unalloyed happiness, and if one of them could say to you, 'follow Christ, and you will soon be like us;' would you say, 'I will not follow him, I will never seek either your Saviour, or your home?' Would you for the

world, utter in words such a declaration? Yet it will come to the same thing at last, whether you resolve never to go to their home, or live careless of him who would lead you thither. Would such a view, and such a declaration from a saint in light, induce you to seek the Saviour's grace? and will you not seek this, when the God and Father of those saints tells you of a happy heaven, and promises, that if you receive his Son, that heaven shall be yours? will you not listen to his words of mercy?

"15. If you had not merely *seen* heaven and hell, but had felt one hour what the blest enjoy, and what the lost suffer, would you then think any thing too hard to be endured, or too valuable to be resigned for Christ? Would *one hour spent in heaven, or one hour in hell*, work such a change in you, and will you not let the consideration, that you must pass, not one hour only, but *all eternity* amidst the raptures of heaven, or the horrors of hell, have any effect upon your mind? Is it not as certain as God's truth can make it, that you must soon be in one or the other of those opposite worlds? And shall this weigh nothing with you? Will you never so believe in hell, as to have no concern to flee from it, till you are sinking into it, or till you feel its fires? Will you never so believe in heaven, as to seek its blessings till you see those blessings lost forever, and the impassable gulf fixed between you and happiness? O, debase not thus the rational powers that God has given you! nor thus ruin your own immortal souls!

"16. Is the service of the devil so good, and honorable, and profitable, that you should be unwilling to renounce it? What is the honor? Perhaps the applause of a few deluded and, in truth, miserable beings, led captive by Satan at his will.

What is the gain? A few brutish pleasures, suited to a debased and fallen nature, or a few years of carelessness and trifling gaiety. And is this all that you gain? Yes, all, the very utmost. And what is the gain of Satan's service hereafter? Remorse and despair, wailing and agony, eternal night in the depths of hell. And is this the service you are so backward to leave? And what is the loss connected with this service? The favor of God, the love of Christ, the joys of heaven, glory, honor, and immortality, all that blesses angels in light, all that enriches saints in glory. And will you encounter all this loss, *to all eternity*, for the low reward that Satan's service can give you, through *a moment of time?*

"17. Why then are you so unwilling to yield yourself to God? so backward to welcome Christ as your Lord and Saviour? Why should you be backward to be what all the inhabitants of heaven approve, and only devils condemn? The cause is not in God, but in yourself. It lies in your own sinful heart. But what a horrid unwillingness and backwardness is this! How sad your state when under its influence! while you are backward to love and serve a God so good and kind! Backward to follow such a Saviour! unwilling to leave the infernal spirit's service! unwilling to take the only way that can raise you to heaven, and keep you from hell! in fine, unwilling to leave that God hates, and the devil loves, and that has already ruined millions! O, sinner, what cause you have to deplore before God this wicked backwardness! this horrid unwillingness to be pious, and thus be blest! O. what cause you have for confessing, that your heart is indeed desperately wicked!

"And now, reader, let the question once more

be pressed on your attention, what are you? Are you yet undecided? if so, what have you to object to embracing religion? Would you lose by turning to God? Would it render you unhappy? Would you ever repent of doing so? Can you find another Saviour or happiness elsewhere? If not, why continue undecided? Would not your committing your all to the Lord Jesus, make this the best and happiest year of your life? Would it not prepare you for all events, to live on earth, or to die and live in heaven? Why then continue but almost a Christian? Why thus be ruined by what ruins multitudes? Probably few expect to perish forever. Some delusion props up their hopes, till death and eternity sweep all delusive hopes away.

"Some speak of minding religion, but not they allow *as they should* do, when the fact is, they have never from the heart embraced the Gospel. Others hope to become pious hereafter. Thus some are undone by one delusion, and others by another. But will you allow the deceitfulness of sin thus to ruin you? The Lord says, 'strive to enter in at the straight gate;' and will you not strive when eternal life is depending?

"Reader, before you are left of God and your own conscience, bear with one more warning against trifling with religion, for trifling would undo you eternally. Only make light of Christ, and you will resemble a criminal whose state is hopeless and who is left for execution. Only make light of Christ, and your life will be sin, your death despair, and your home hell. You are already a condemned sinner; make light of him and you seal your condemnation. No remedy will then long be presented to you; only make light of salvation, and

all hope will soon be over. Nothing worse is needed to ruin you forever. To be shut out of heaven, only trifle with the Saviour's claims, and the deed is done. Only stop with being almost a Christian, and you destroy your soul as effectually as you could do by infidelity itself.

"To sink to hell, you need not be a drunkard, or a swearer, or a liar, or lewd, or dishonest; only make light of Christ, and this will sink you there. To live and die laden with iniquity, to murder your own soul with the undying death, you need not keep adding sin to sin, and transgression to transgression; only make light of Christ, only neglect decided religion, and the deed of destruction is completed and the soul is undone.

"Dying child of man! what will you be? whose will you be forever? The most important choice you can ever make is now before you. It is not, who shall be your companions, and what your employment for a few short years; but who shall be your companions, and what your employment to eternity. Will you have a part in the blessings of salvation? or will you have no part nor lot in the matter? Will you have the supports of a Saviour's love? or will you neglect his grace and have them not? Will you make the choice which under divine grace millions have made, and none ever lamented? or will you not?

"Reader, what will you be? Decide by God's help now. Your last day is coming; your body will soon be in the grave, and your soul gone to meet its God. If these events were never to come to pass, you might trifle; but they will arrive, and then you will see religion as with other eyes, and feel its importance as with another heart. Will you become a child of God instead of continuing a

guilty prodigal? and will you have an interest in his promises and favor? Will you become a partaker of his grace? Shall his everlasting love bless you? O trifle not longer with such blessings! Will you come to Christ and rejoice forever in heaven? or follow the world and wail forever in hell? *One you must do, which shall it be?*

"O yield yourself, dear immortal, to the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus become as blest as they that have already reached his heavenly kingdom; thus learn to live as safely, and die as peacefully. Thus follow him who will teach you to sing the song of victory, and soon unite you to their happy bands. O come! O yield! and when death comes, it will be gain; and when you are in the grave, your spirit will be with the Lord; and when you are forgotten among men, you will still be with him, and with him forever.

"What will you do? 'We are ambassadors for Christ as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God.'

"God's message is delivered to you; he waits your answer, and the Saviour waits. The question is, will you be indeed Christ's disciple? What is your answer? the answer of your heart? 'Yes, Lord, I will!' Blessed be God if this is your reply. You will have to praise him through eternal ages for the grace that inspires this answer. 'Yes,' then Satan has lost his prey, and hell its victim! 'Yes, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest!' Praise to the Lord! The Saviour is thine, and there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over thee, a repented sinner.

"Is it so, reader? Is it so? Is 'yes' your answer? Perhaps you say, 'I long to be his, but I

fear he will not welcome such a sinner.' Away with such unbelieving fears; if you are willing, he is more willing; it was his grace that made you willing, and he says, 'come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

"But is, 'yes, I will in the Lord's strength be Christ's disciple,' the heartfelt answer of all the readers of this book? It is to be feared not. Perhaps it is not yours. What then, reader, is your answer? There is no medium between yes and no, between decided religion and eternal life, and irreligion and eternal death. You are not willing to be quite the Lord's. Then do not deceive yourself, but speak plainly what the Lord regards as plainly done. At once say, 'no, I will not be the Lord's.' Is this your answer either by words, or by conduct? Then for you the Son of God will have no blessing. 'No!' then shall you deplore eternally your fatal resolution. 'No!' Abide by this answer and your doom is settled, and your damnation is sealed.

A prayer for a blessing upon the reader.

O Lord, our God, we remember it is written, 'If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost.' O suffer it not to be hid to any of the readers of this book. Suffer not all the serious things that are herein written to be in vain; may the Holy Spirit apply the truth to each reader's heart. Grant repentance unto life. Bow the stubborn will; awaken the slumbering conscience; lead the inquiring soul to Christ; renew and sanctify the heart. 'Our soul waits only upon thee.' Grant, O Lord, this one

request. Let all who read or hear the truths contained in this book live before Thee. May they all be saved through thy rich, abounding, sovereign grace in Jesus Christ, and thy name shall have all the glory, world without end. *Amen.*

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